

The
MOTOR OWNER



September

1921





IT is not only their ability to hold the road under all conditions, which has made Goodrich Tyres famous, but also their wonderful power to withstand wear — and this without any sacrifice of resiliency.

It will be to your advantage to investigate their merits.

GOODRICH

SAFETY TREAD TYRES

The B. F. Goodrich Co., Ltd., 117-123 Golden Lane, London, E.C.1



The Dort's 19.6 h.p. engine is amply powerful, and at the same time is very economical. The specification includes magneto ignition, electric lighting and starting, 4-seater body complete with hood, screen, 5 lamps, spare detachable rim and full equipment.

It is priced at

£395

For the convenience of clients preferring an alternative method of purchase we are able to offer the Dort on a very liberal scale of **EXTENDED PAYMENTS** which involve an initial outlay of

£100 only

These exceptionally favourable terms have been arranged through THE INDUSTRIAL GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 134 Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.1

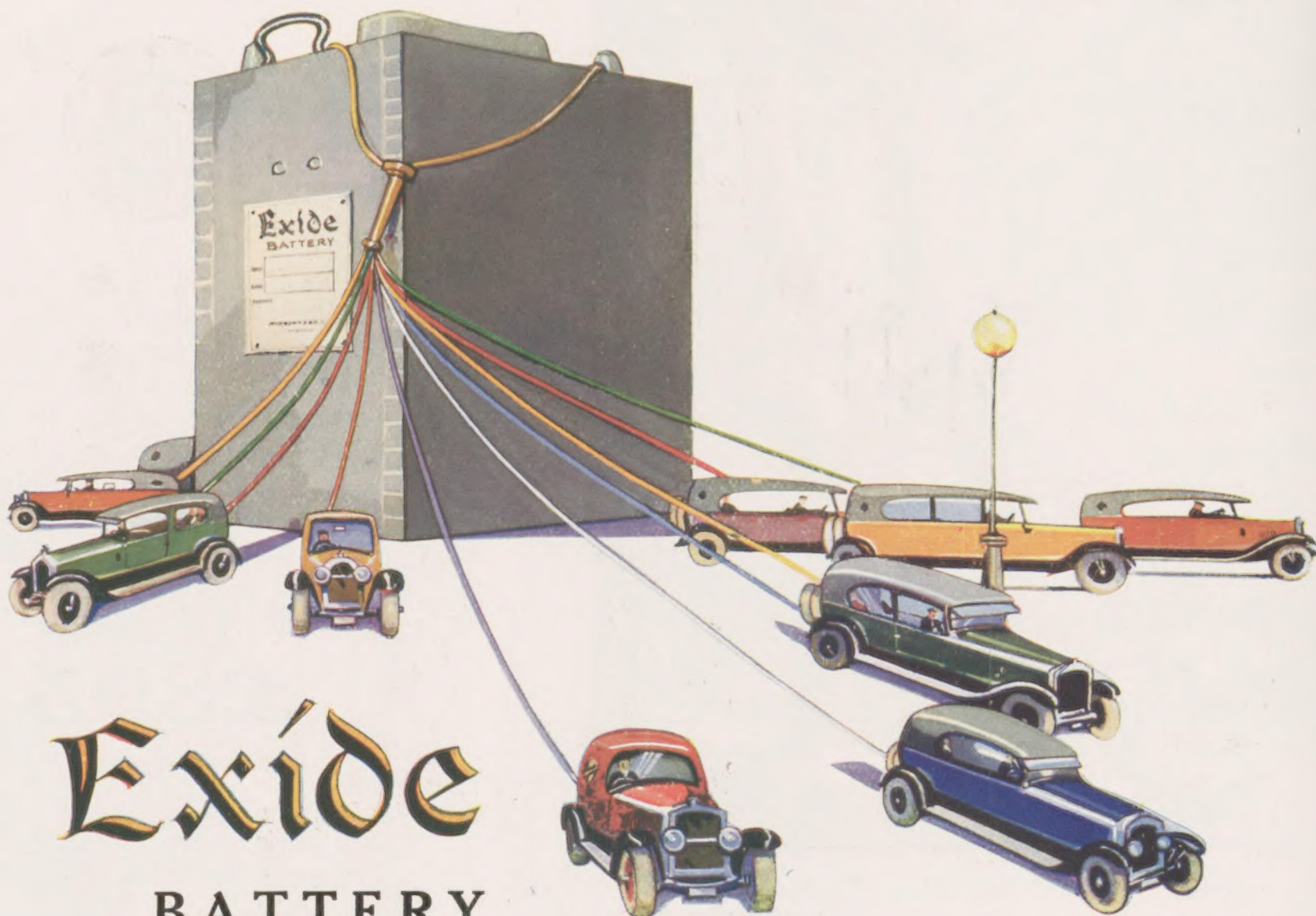
DORT

“—is a car that attains all the owner-driver will ever require” E. J. R.

This appreciation from a satisfied and enthusiastic owner effectively sums up the case for the Dort

Write for booklet
No. 12 D to the
Sole Concessionnaires:

Whiting Ltd.
334-340 Euston Rd.
London N.W.1



Exide

BATTERY SERVICE

—WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

Nearly every modern car is equipped with Electric Starting and Lighting.

The Storage Battery is the heart of every such system.

The average owner—the average driver, knows little of Storage Batteries; often just that little knowledge which is dangerous—to the battery.

We know more. Designing and Manufacturing Batteries only for over thirty years—we ought to.

Our knowledge is yours, for the asking. At every Exide Service Station—in most towns throughout the Country, are men who have been trained in battery repairs at our own works.

No matter what make of battery is on your car Exide Service will look after it for you and advise as to its care and maintenance.

Ask us for list of Service Stations, No. 4011, and get in touch with your nearest Agent.

Exide Batteries were used for ignition on the winning Duesenberg Car in the French Grand Prix

LOOK
FOR
THIS
SIGN



Wherever you see this sign, you can be assured of expert service, no matter what make of battery you have in your car. Your battery will be made to last as long as possible, until you are ready to replace it with an Exide—the long-life battery.

There is an Exide Service Station near you

THE **Chloride** ELECTRICAL STORAGE
COMPANY LIMITED

CLIFTON JUNCTION, MANCHESTER
220 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2

The Man who keeps fit
is a firm friend of
LIFEBUOY SOAP



EVERY outdoor sport—Rowing, Swimming, Cricket, Tennis, Golf—reflects inborn health seeking an expression of the joyous vigour of life. Lifebuoy Soap, by fighting disease germs, helps to make life more healthy and enjoyable. Moments of pleasure come from its use; its healthy, antiseptic odour gratifies the senses—its lather is refreshing and soothing.

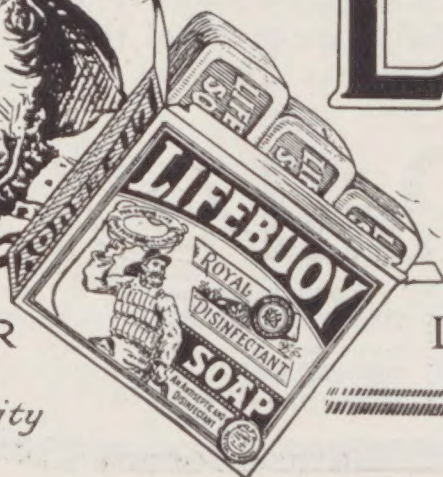
The lasting benefits of Lifebuoy, in protecting its users from the dangers of infection, give it prominence as the toilet companion of the fit.

*After a good pull—a
good tub with Lifebuoy.*

**MORE THAN SOAP—
YET COSTS NO MORE.**



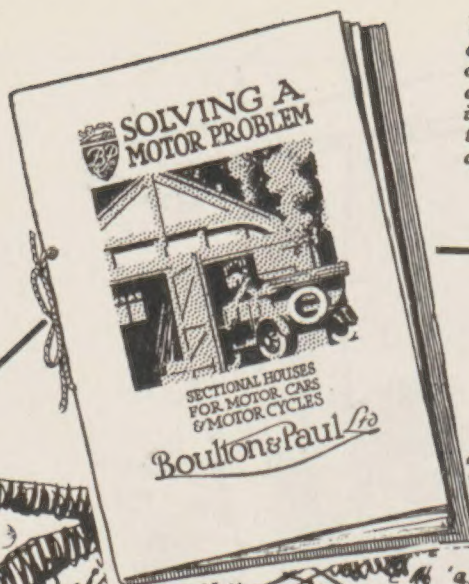
*The name LEVER
on Soap is a
Guarantee of Purity
and Excellence.*



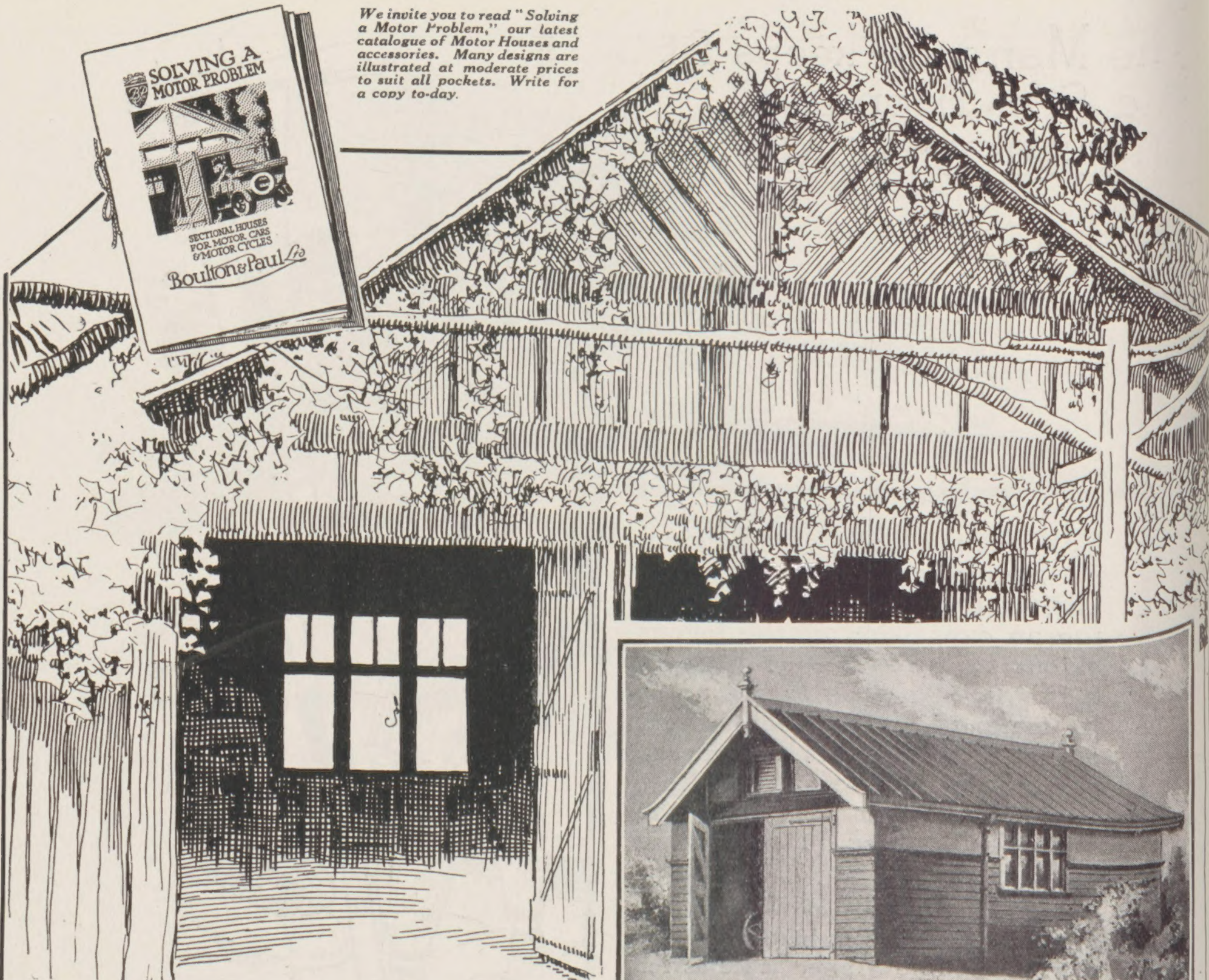
LIFEBUOY SOAP

Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

L 196-84



We invite you to read "Solving a Motor Problem," our latest catalogue of Motor Houses and accessories. Many designs are illustrated at moderate prices to suit all pockets. Write for a copy to-day.



INSTAL YOUR OWN GARAGE

The advantages of keeping your Car in your own private garage are manifold. An attractive Motor House, as made in many styles and sizes by Boulton & Paul, of Norwich, is at once a solution of the problem of the car owner who has to make constant journeys "there" and "back" to the public Garage, with its attendant perils of battered Fenders and damage through contact with other cars, that have an equal right with your own to the space available.

If you are an owner-driver you can look after your car—can leave a spanner on the running board overnight with

the satisfaction of knowing that it will be there to-morrow—if you have your own Motor House.

Boulton & Paul Motor Houses convince you in their excellent workmanship that they are durable and weather-proof. Every piece of timber is well seasoned—and the whole structure possesses a finish and stability that cannot fail to make one of these Motor Houses a pleasing contribution in Builder's Artistry to your residence.



Boulton & Paul Ltd.

TELEGRAMS:
BOULTON, NORWICH

TELEPHONE:
NORWICH 851

Chief Office & Works
NORWICH

LONDON OFFICE:
135-7, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
E.C.4
Telegrams:
BOUTIQUE, CENTRAL LONDON
Telephone: CENTRAL 4642

74 Miles! to a can of Petrol!

This is the mileage reported by one delighted owner of an ENFIELD ALLDAY Light Car. Yet despite its low consumption it is a wonderful hill climber, and as fast as you would ever care to drive it.

Strenuous tests on the road and track, backed up by most exacting laboratory tests of raw materials, combine to make the ENFIELD ALLDAY 10-20 h.p. the best Light Car on the market.

It embodies all the best features of big and expensive cars, the engine actually develops 20 h.p. yet

The Tax is but Ten Pounds.

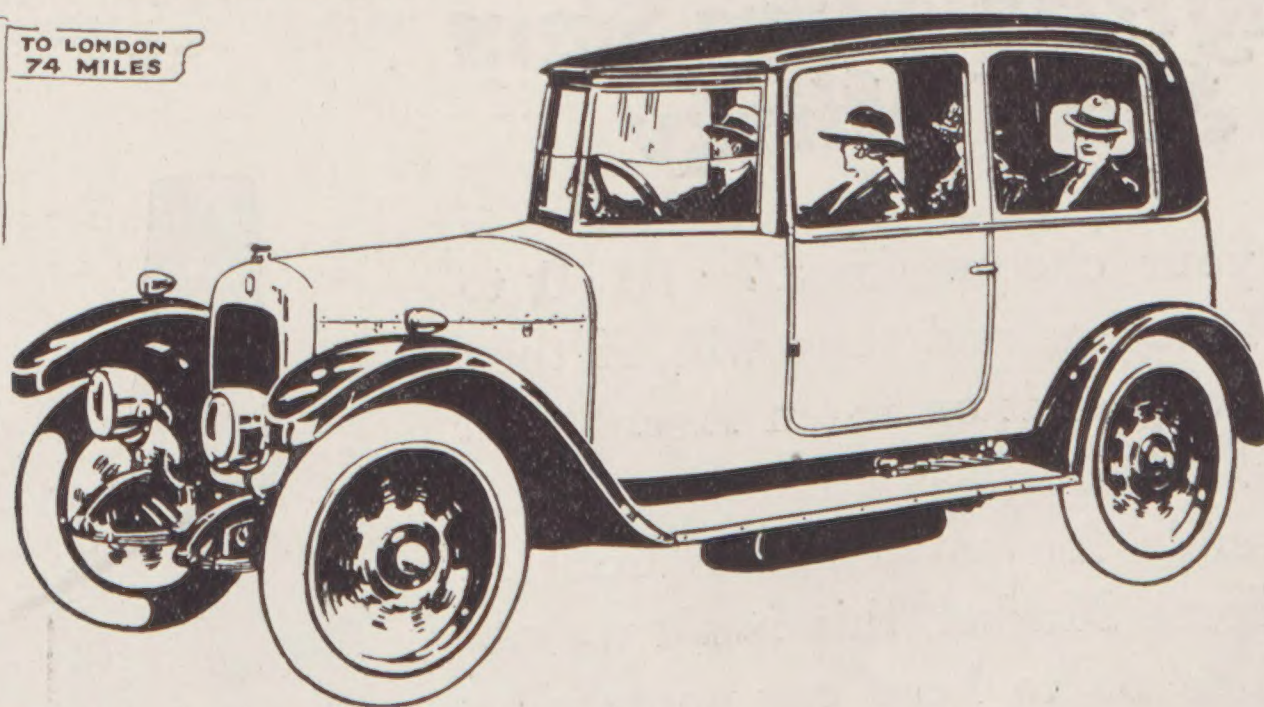
No refinement which could add to the comfort of an owner-driver has been omitted, and the body, engine, and general finish is such as to make the most critical motorist proud of possessing it.

Its unique features are too numerous to describe here. May we send you our fully illustrated and descriptive Catalogue and the address of our nearest agent, who will gladly give you a trial run? Send a P.C.—no obligation incurred!

Saloon Body (as illustrated) with de luxe equipment ... £850 net at Works
Standard Four Seater Touring Body, with complete equipment £575 net at Works

ENFIELD ALLDAY MOTORS, LIMITED
Small Heath, BIRMINGHAM

London: WATKINS & DONCASTER, LIMITED
85a, Great Portland Street, W.1



ENFIELD- ALLDAY

10-20
H.P. THE LIGHT CAR DE LUXE

Woodwright Service



I am the Bottle

that is privileged to carry the finest Whisky that goes out of Scotland.

There is not enough Whisky of my quality to make me a popular bottle—I am intended for careful and discriminating users of alcohol only.

If you are one of these careful, discriminating users of alcohol, and you want for private consumption one dozen

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

send your cheque for £7 · 10 · 0 to my Managers, and they will, if they are able, pass it on to an Agent with stocks. So long as control makes it impossible for us to make profit in the Home Market, this is all we can afford to do to keep our name alive in that market.



We are advertising only our EXPORT Bottle at present. The Government controls the price of whisky so that there is no profit in the Home Market.

HAIG & HAIG, Ltd. (Distillers since 1679), 57 SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

TALBOT-DARRACQ

SPARE PARTS & REPAIRS

DARRACQ MOTOR ENGINEERING CO.
LIMITED

Works & Head Offices
TOWNMEAD RD., FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.6

Showrooms
150 NEW BOND STREET - LONDON, W.1

Export Dept.
12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., LONDON, W.1

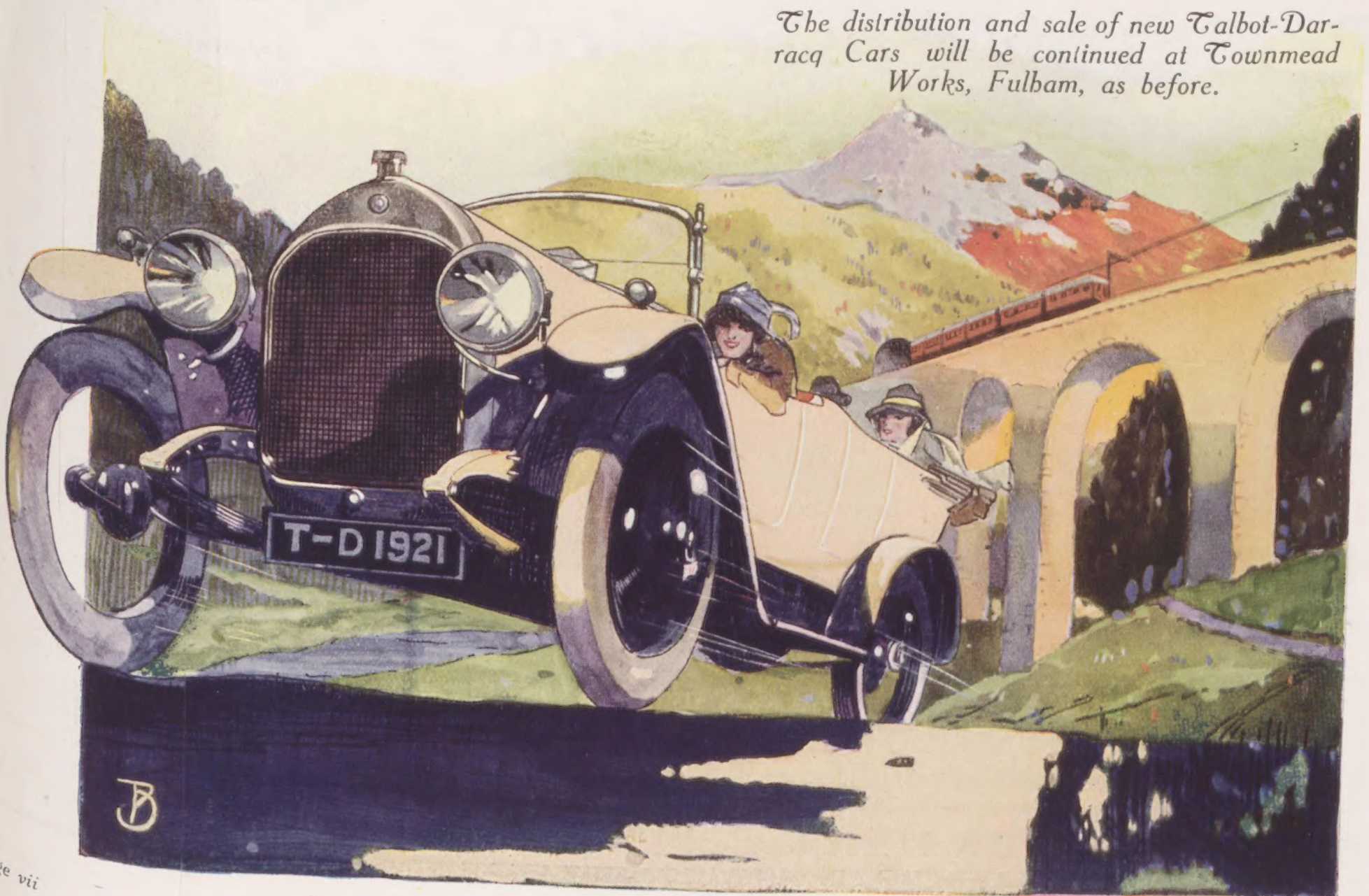
Repair Works & Spare Parts Depôt
177 THE VALE, ACTON - LONDON, W.3

The Darracq Motor Engineering Company Limited announce that they have now opened a large and commodious Repair Works and Spare Parts Depôt at
177 THE VALE, ACTON, LONDON, W.3

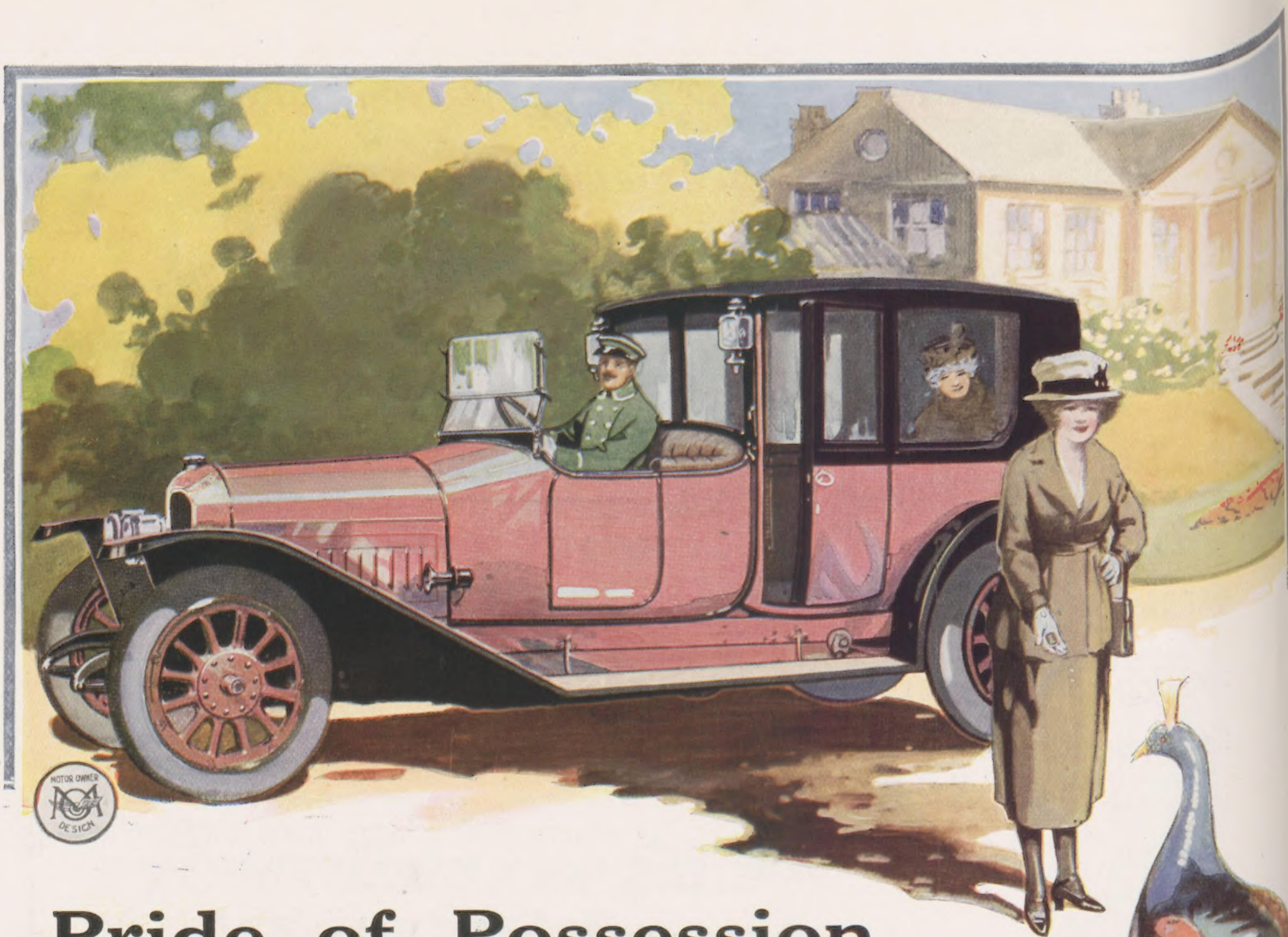
Telephone—Chiswick 800

where their clients may confidently rely upon prompt and efficient service.

The distribution and sale of new Talbot-Darracq Cars will be continued at Townmead Works, Fulham, as before.



TB



Pride of Possession

is the privilege of

Peugeot

ownership

The work of super-engineers, it has won for itself the title of
THE EVERLASTING CAR

1921 MODELS

11 h.p. 4 cylinder 66 × 105

16 h.p. 4 cylinder 82 × 130

TO COUNTRY RESIDENTS

THE PEUGEOT QUADRILETTE is invaluable for visiting, shopping and general run-about work. Price **£275**

PEUGEOT (ENGLAND), LTD., 10 Brompton Road, LONDON, S.W.

For Export Terms please apply: : Autos Peugeot, 80 Rue Danton, LEVALLOIS, SEINE, FRANCE

Announcing ..

*the successful reconstruction
of the*

Angus-Sanderson Car

This reduction in price is the first step in the great Angus-Sanderson Reconstruction Scheme, a Scheme which embraces an improved car, a return to the **TWELVE MONTHS' GUARANTEE**, prompt service in replacement and repairs, and a continuity of speeding up of production.

LORD GARVAGH, who states over his signature in "The Autocar" that he has no financial interests in Angus-Sanderson Cars whatever, makes the following unsolicited statement as an Angus-Sanderson owner—

"My car cost £625, which even now I consider to be far and away the finest car-bargain at the price. Yet I see the price is now reduced to £545, at which it is a positive Gift" GARVAGH.

33 New Bond Street, London, W.1

'Phone: Gerrard 8091

Telegrams: "Angusan, Phone, London"

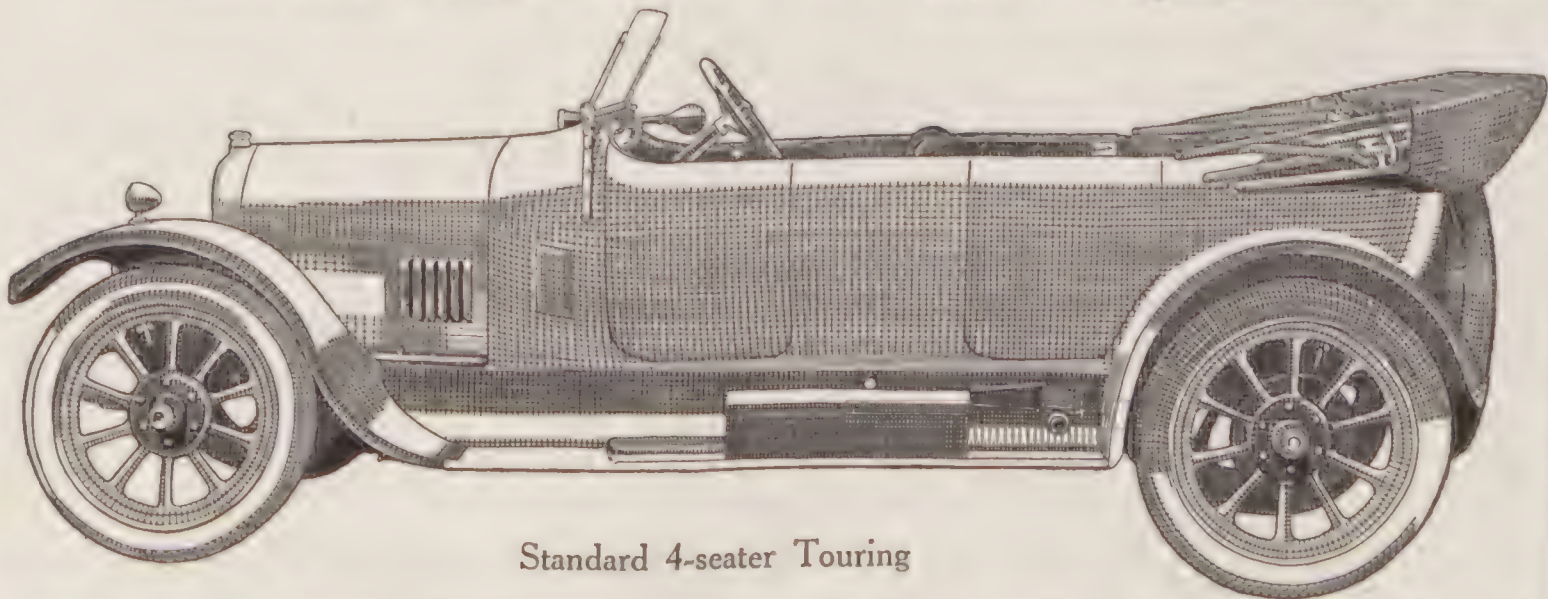
New Prices

4-seater Touring

£545

4-seater All-Weather
Coupé

£750



Standard 4-seater Touring

There is an Angus-Sanderson Agent near you. Get in touch with him right away!

TO MOTORISTS who are Business Men

Looking Forward

HOWEVER unsatisfactory present trade conditions may seem, the one great mainspring which keeps the wheels of commerce turning is a lively hope of better things to come. Every business man believes in the future, otherwise he would not continue his business.

It is not enough merely to acknowledge a blind hope for the future. We must plan for the future.

This is the right time to plan your sales campaign—to decide upon objectives, the line of attack, the field of operations, the method and extent of distribution. No sales plan can omit to use Advertising which gives power and speed to both the distributing and selling effort. Advertising requires experience and trained intelligence, and time in which to prepare the right material. Give this necessary time now, you may not be able to give it later.

The House of Crawford stands ready with the necessary complement of knowledge and equipment. Its staff is an organisation of expert advertising men, who can prove wide experience of many diverse selling problems and can point to a long record of successes.

Enlist the service of this modern organisation now, let them set to work on your problems immediately lest the pressure of re-awakening trade take you unawares and make demands upon your business for which it is unprepared.

W·S·CRAWFORD·LTD
ADVERTISING

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Telephone : Holborn 6525.

Telegrams : "Rofwar, Westcent."

VAUXHALL CARS—SHAW & KILBURN LTD



TYPES AND PRICES

25 h.p. Chassis, R.A.C. Rating, 22'4 h.p., wheelbase 10 ft. 10 in., fully equipped	-	-	-	-	£800
25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington Touring Car (seats 4-5), complete	-	-	-	-	£1,100
25 h.p. Vauxhall-Warwick Three-quarter Landaulette, complete	-	-	-	-	£1,400
25 h.p. Vauxhall-Sutherland Three-quarter Cabriolet, complete	-	-	-	-	£1,400
25 h.p. Vauxhall-Arundel V-fronted Cabriolet, complete	-	-	-	-	£1,380
30-98 h.p. Chassis, R.A.C. Rating, 23'8 h.p., wheelbase 9 ft. 6 in., fully equipped	-	-	-	-	£1,000
30-98 Vauxhall-Velox Sporting Four-Seater, complete	-	-	-	-	£1,300

VALUE in a high-class car has never been so successfully studied as it is in the 25 h.p. Vauxhall. The quality of material, workmanship and finish is of the highest order; the merits of design are known to every car connoisseur, whilst the three years' chassis

guarantee and the free inspection service ensure entire satisfaction to the owner.

Write to-day for a catalogue giving full particulars, and arrange for a demonstration.

THE TIMES

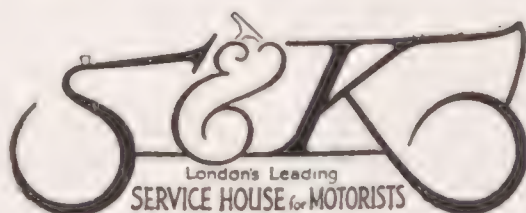
"Undoubtedly one of the leading makes in the world."

Shaw & Kilburn Ltd
174-182 Great Portland St W.1

Sole wholesale and retail agents for Vauxhall cars in London, Middlesex, Herts, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Bucks and Berks (part).

Telephone: Langham 1303-4 & 5

Telegrams: Whirling London





A Daily Scene in Oxford Street.

THRUPP & MABERLY, Ltd

COACHBUILDERS

AND

AGENTS *for* ALL MAKES *of* CARS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
COACH BUILDERS



TO H M KING GEORGE V

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
COACH BUILDERS



TO H M QUEEN ALEXANDRA

*London Agents for the Grant 22 H.P.
Light Six. Open and closed models can
be seen in our Showrooms. Trial runs
arranged.*

We have in stock a selection of open and closed bodies in wood and iron, at reduced prices, ready to be mounted on the following chassis, Lanchester, Minerva, Wolseley, Talbot, and Daimler.

475 Oxford Street, London, W.1



The Real Leader
in the
Small Car Class

The "WOLSELEY" TEN

In every detail the "Wolseley" Ten is a "quality" car—as carefully designed and as accurately built as the largest and most expensive cars made. Its remarkable road performance, its graceful coachwork, and its exquisite finish, combine to place it at the head of the light car class. Note what the experts say about it.

Write us for Catalogue No. 34
post free

"A very fine little vehicle."

—*The Light Car and Cyclecar.*

"Their 10 h.p. Car is a wonder."—S. F. Edge.

"Undoubtedly a wonderful little car."

—*The Motor.*

"A notable car, able to satisfy any gourmand of small car achievement."—*Country Life.*

"This little car of Wolseley's is one of the biggest things they have done."—*The Car.*

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD.,

(Proprietors: Vickers, Limited),

Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM

London Depot : : : Petty France

Buckingham Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.



The 1921 Model ROLLS-ROYCE

"As an absolutely perfect road carriage, judged by the highest standard of one's knowledge and experience of to-day, the ROLLS-ROYCE justifies all that its most eloquent admirers have said: 'The 1921 ROLLS-ROYCE is the finest production I have ever driven.'"

—Mr. S. F. EDGE, in "The Auto," Dec. 23rd, 1920

ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd., 15, Conduit Street, London, W.1

Telegrams: Rolhead, Reg, London

'Phone: Gerrard 1654 (3 lines)

The Albert

SURVIVES THE STERNEST TEST

Coupe Model
Price
£694
Complete

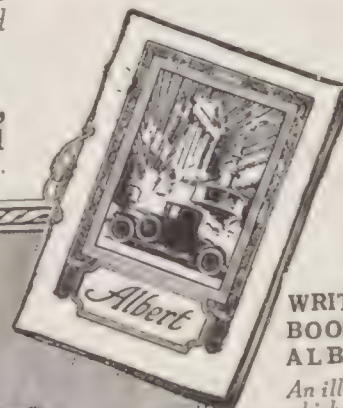
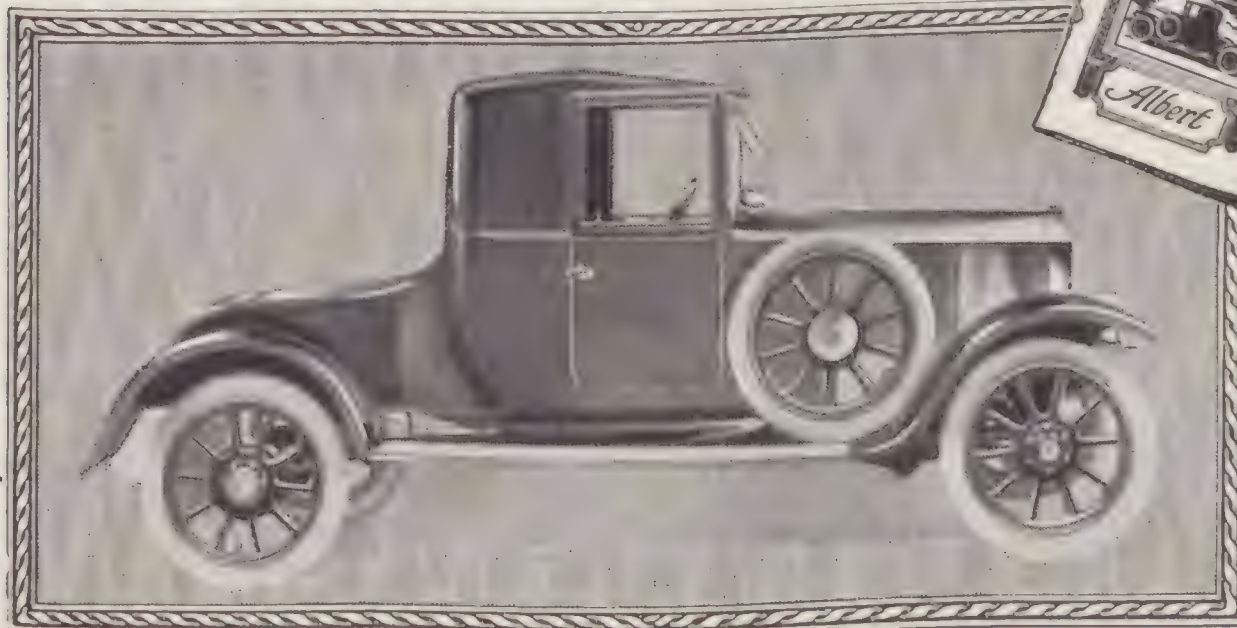
The Albert emerges from the hardest tests of the road fresh and unharmed. Read what an owner says of his Albert, which he has run for hundreds of miles on bad roads:—

"Our roads are not of the best, and as you know our district is very hilly. The Albert rides beautifully over the worst roads, and the worst hills do not give any trouble." (Sgd.) A.M.

Sole Concessionnaires: **THE SERVICE MOTOR CO., LTD.**,
Dept. M.O., "Service House," 94 Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 3025—3026.

Telegrams: "Serautoco," Phone, London."



WRITE FOR THE
BOOK OF THE
ALBERT CAR.

An illustrated booklet which should be in the hands of every intending motorist. It describes comprehensively all models of the 11.9 Albert Car.

Type G 2

Manufactured by
Caynes Ltd., of
Claywick. Granted
Premier Govt.
award for fine
workmanship.

S.E.V.

MAGNETOS
4 CYL.
AND
6 CYL.



VARIABLE
IGNITION
AND
AUTOMATIC
ADVANCE

MAGNETOS 4 & 6 CYLS. FOR DUAL
IGNITION CAN BE SUPPLIED

DYNAMOS, SELF-STARTERS DYNAMOTORS

AS FITTED TO ALL THE
LEADING CONTINENTAL CARS

THE FRANCO-BRITISH AGENCIES
15 EASTCASTLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

REAL IRISH LINENS

Astounding value in Household Linens at remarkably low figures. All are of prime quality and are of the finest Irish Manufacture.

Pillow Cases	-	-	-	-	8/6
Bolster Cases	-	-	-	-	11/-
Table Cloths	-	-	-	-	from 42/6
Serviettes	-	-	-	-	51/- per doz.
Towels	-	-	-	-	19/6 per doz.
Bed Spreads	-	-	-	-	25/-
Tea Cloths	-	-	-	-	12/6
Glass Towels	-	-	-	-	21/6 per doz.
Dusters	-	-	-	-	14/6 per doz.
Sheets, 72"	-	-	-	-	72/- pair
Sheets, 90"	-	-	-	-	85/- pair
Handkerchiefs	-	-	-	-	21/6 per doz.

Also a very fine range of hand-made French Dinner and Duchesse Sets made up of the finest Irish Linen and Cluny Lace. Particulars on application. All these goods are specially made for us and are not job lots. TERMS:—Cash with order.

G. T. MACARTNEY
14a HIGH STREET, BELFAST

RAPSON TYRES

GIVE BEST SERVICE AND BEST VALUE.



TESTIMONY THAT TELLS!

The following letter was published in "The Autocar," of July 9, 1921.

"UNPUNCTURED TYRES.

"[28486.]—I have just returned from a three months' trip on the Continent of Europe, and having on that trip done 4,800 miles I have now brought my car home, and in the next few weeks propose running another 3,000 to 3,500 miles over all kinds of American and Canadian roads, where in the past my troubles have been so bad and so frequent that I had entirely given up motoring except in the city.

"The trip in Europe that I have just completed has been a revelation to me. If fervent blessings do anyone any good, Mr. Rapson ought to live for ever, as I have blessed him not once but fifty times a day throughout the tour. My car is a very heavy-bodied Daimler Six. I had it shod with Rapson tyres at the end of March of this year. I tested the tyres first by driving from London to Brighton, to Gloucester, to Harrogate, to London, about 700 miles all told, by roads that certainly embraced all kinds of surface, from good to downright bad. I then had sufficient confidence in the tyres to go to the Continent. Once there, I drove all over the battlefronts of France and Belgium—Boulogne, Ostend, Dixmude, Bethune, Arras, Bapaume, and down to the Chemin des

Dames, up into the occupied territory and back again, and my speedometer-reading was then 4,800 miles. I never had one moment's trouble from start to finish; and, looking back on the roads I travelled, I still regard it as a miracle.

"Your readers hardly need to be told what the battlefield roads and the *pavé* of France and Belgium are like, but they are certainly calculated to provide an average of ten punctures a day, and I had none in three months. In addition to that, there was a very marked difference in the comfort of riding over the terrible bumps and jolts encountered, and to test this I twice hired cars for short trips and then drove over the same road with my own car. The result was astonishing. This I take to be due to being able to run on a 50 lb. pressure with Rapson tyres. My tyres look very little the worse for wear and, owing to the even way the tread wears across its width, they still possess their really wonderful non-skid properties.

"I now face my coming trip with absolute equanimity, and expect to report similar good fortune the whole time.

"E. S. H. KILLICK.

"Montreal, Canada."

BIG, HEAVY BODIED CAR, VILE ROADS, YET
"NEVER ONE MOMENT'S TROUBLE"!

Let us send you our new price-list.

RAPSON AUTOMOBILE PATENTS, LTD.
35, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone : Langham 1202-3.

Telegrams : "Rapsonise, Wesdo, London."

C.D.C.

M.O. 4

THE RIGHT CAR AT THE RIGHT PRICE



The
Cubitt
Car

£442
Complete



CUBITTS' ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

SHOWROOMS : 56, CONDUIT ST LONDON, W
SERVICE STATION : 258 GRAYS INN RD LONDON, W.C.
WORKS : AYLESBURY, ENGLAND.



A Weekly Journal for all interested in Traffic by Land, Sea, and Air

PUBLISHED FRIDAY — PRICE THREEPENCE

THE CO-ORDINATION OF RAIL AND ROAD



THE VALUE OF A TRANSPORTATION SERVICE is determined by the measure in which it serves the community as a whole. Competition may sometimes achieve this object: Co-operation and Co-ordination may also offer solutions. These, and many other vital problems, are discussed week by week in "Modern Transport."



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(British Isles)

POST FREE **15/-**

Free Specimen Copy on application.

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(Abroad)

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THE PERIODICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.

10 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Telegraphic Address: "PERIPUBCO RAND, LONDON."

Telephone: Gerrard, 2377

Hillman

A GUARANTEE BORN of CONFIDENCE

THE HILLMAN is the only car in the world completely and effectively guaranteed against all possible breakdown and accident, and so generous a guarantee is in itself alone made possible by the *proved* reliability of the HILLMAN Car.

The GUARANTEE AND FREE INSURANCE POLICY given with every new HILLMAN Car covers all mechanical breakdown (except tyres and plugs) and all fire, accident and third party risks for one year. Repairs, if needed, may be executed by any competent firm and the Bill will be met by the Company; they will also meet the expenses of hiring another car, not exceeding £1 per day up to 30 days.

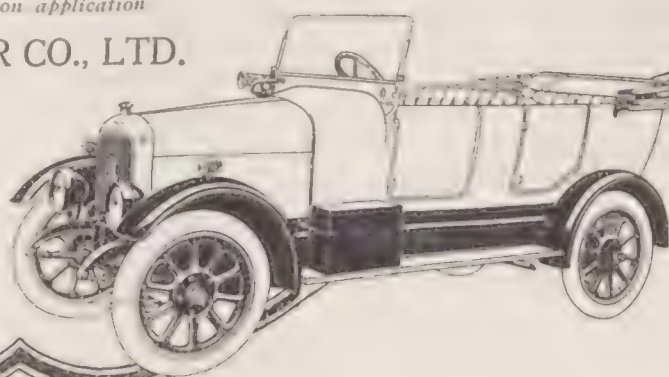
A car so completely GUARANTEED must of necessity be a first-class Car, thoroughly capable of rendering reliable and efficient service to merit such confidence and concession

FIVE MODELS

Two Seater, Coupé, Four Seater,
All-Weather Four Seater, Speed Model

*Catalogues and a copy of the Guarantee
will be sent post free on application*

The HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.
COVENTRY



R·M·S·P
NEW YORK
SERVICE
BY THE "O" STEAMERS

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
18, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

SURREY

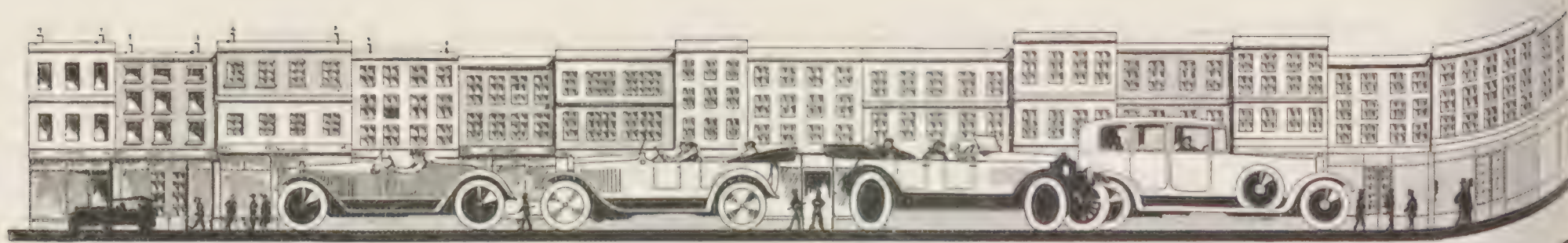
Light Car



4-Cylinder Engine, 10 H.P. Prices from 265 Gns.

This high-class Touring Car has recently gained
4 GOLD MEDALS & CHALLENGE CUP

Full particulars from
The West London Scientific Apparatus Co., Ltd.
Premier Place, High Street, Putney, S.W.15



THE · MOTOR · MARKETS · OF · THE · WORLD

THE Motor Market of the World seems a somewhat ambitious description to apply to Great Portland Street, or to London as a whole, but in the main it is accurate. The fact may be regarded as an achievement: an achievement of which the British nation should be proud.

One can obtain in London—one makes

the statement boldly—any car for any purpose, of any nationality and at any price. Moreover, one can obtain that car after having inspected a variety of other similar but, maybe, less suitable vehicles without journeying above a mile.

The motor-car trade, unlike most other trades—although it is a usual and admirable custom of the East—has exhibited a striking

gregariousness from the first. The principal motor-manufacturing district has been, and will be, the Midlands; that, with a few exceptions, is where motor-cars are made. The principal selling district is Great Portland Street. There, with no exceptions, any car of its kind may be obtained. Consequently it is the Motor Market of the World.

A

Edwards & Conant, Ltd.
136 Great Portland Street, W.1

Tel: Mayfair 2783

Authorised Agents for the 11'9 h.p.

"ALBERT"

The Light Car with four speeds forward and cantilever springing

Inspection and demonstration invited

Deferred payments if desired

A

A

A



You can "A-C"
get an

immediately and by instalments, or in part exchange for your present car from the Leading Agents for the Leading Light Car—

ALFRED WASTNAGE

65 Gt. Portland St., W.1
Telephone: Langham 2172

Remarkable
Reductions

See Page
xv

The **Albert**

2 & 4 SEATER MODELS

£495 · 0 · 0

COPPEN, ALLAN & CO.

143-9 Gt. Portland Street, W.1

Tele: LANGHAM 1650-1

SOLE
AGENTS
FOR

HILLMAN CARS

for East Norfolk, Suffolk, Bedfordshire,
Surrey, Buckinghamshire, West Sussex, Essex,
Middlesex (including London), Hertfordshire

PRICES: 2 Str., £530: 4 Str., £600: Coupé £610: Speed, £620

Also Agents for
VULCANS, ALBERTS
HUMBERS

Prices on application
EASY PAYMENTS
ARRANGED

Several High-Class Second-Hand Cars always in Showroom

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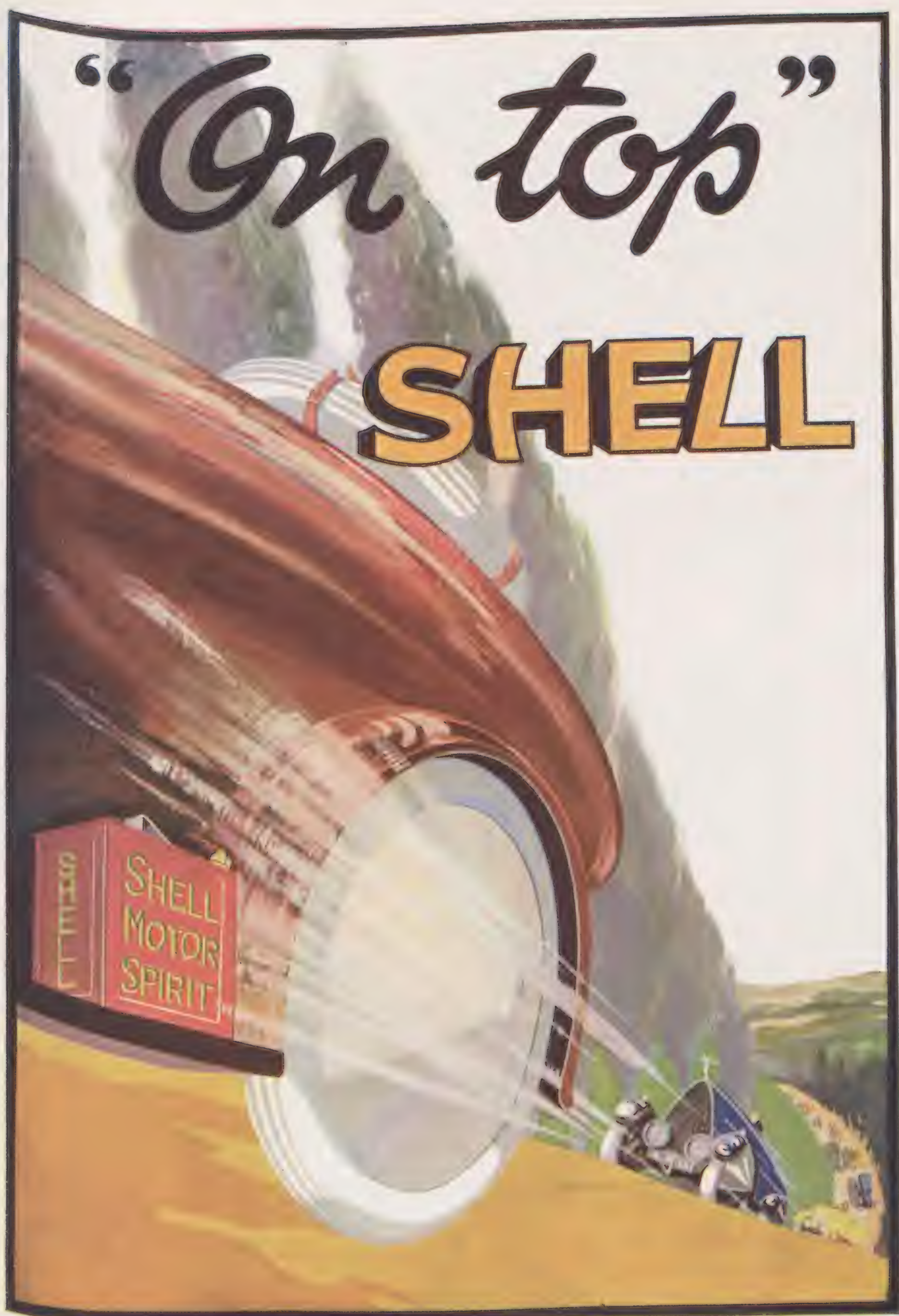
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THE MOTOR-OWNER

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VOL. III
NO. 28

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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE GOES A-MOTORING.

THE QUEEN OF GRAND GUIGNOL.

Miss Sybil Thorndike (Mrs. Lewis Carson) is playing in the Grand Guignol plays at the Little Theatre. The acting is the most sensational in London, and has evoked very favourable comment in critical quarters.



Miss Sybil Thorndike and her two children.

A VALUABLE CONTEST.

AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.



RUMOUR is untrustworthy, generally. The report reaches us from so many different sources, however, that "things are bucking up" that in the case of this rumour at least we are forced to give it credence. Undoubtedly conditions and prospects have improved very materially during the past few weeks, and for one reason and another it is possible to hope at last that the motor industry has a reasonable prospect of settling down. Instability naturally followed the war, and fluctuations from boom to slump and back again were to be expected. Those fluctuations are growing weaker; the needle of the indicator will settle on a point and stick to it very shortly, and once again we shall have a reliable, "dead beat" instrument to deal with. The recovery has taken much longer to come about than anyone expected; and its gradual arrival has been upon paths that could not have been foreseen; the various setbacks that have been experienced were beyond human power to forecast. Even the reason for the slump from which we are now emerging is not a matter of general agreement. Some people says over-production was the cause; Captain de Normanville, in an interesting article on pages 4 and 5 of this number, insists that it was failure to provide the right article at the right price. And we would add that perhaps the fact that the public did not know quite where it stood nor exactly what the future had in store from an individual financial point of view had something to do with it also.

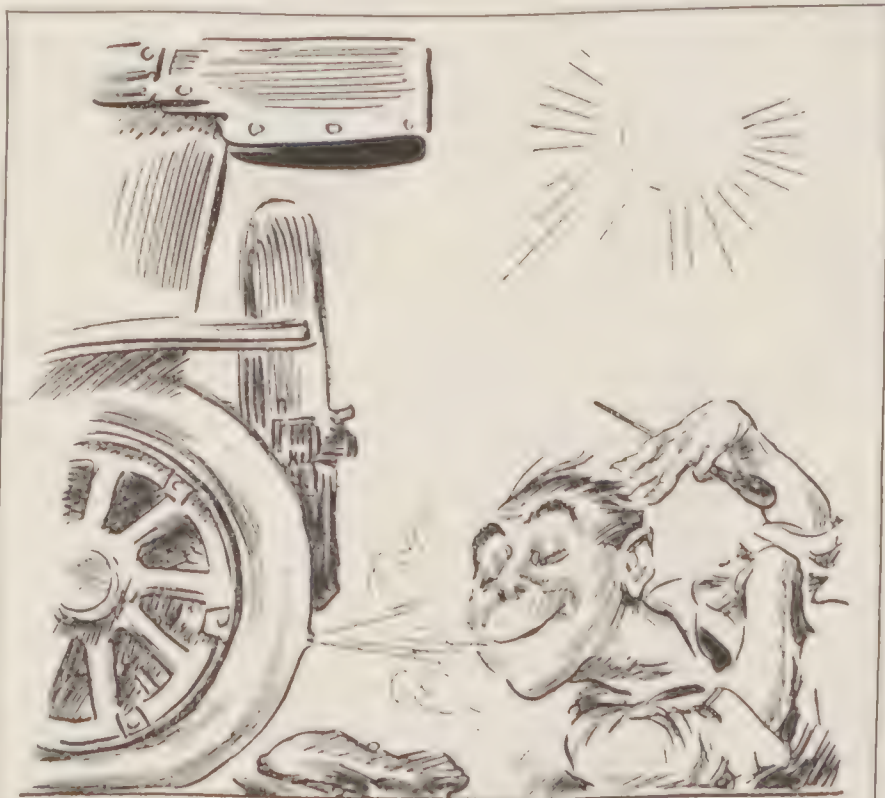
IMPROVING THE BREED.

It is most satisfactory to note that not only is everything possible being done to encourage the use of light cars, but that various steps are being taken to improve their design. The light car of to-day, in any one of a score or so of different makes, is a truly remarkable little vehicle, but that it is incapable of still further improvement it is impossible to believe. Competition is doubtless the finest form of stimulation for manufacturers, and we regard the proposed 200-miles light car race now in process of organisation by the Junior Car Club as an event both interesting and valuable from the private owner's point of

view. A 200-miles race on Brooklands should be sufficiently gruelling to bring out the relatively good and bad points of the competing cars, and while those vehicles which come in first, second and third will not necessarily be the only ones worth owning, even the failures and the "also rans" will serve to suggest means of improvement—which, in the long run, is to the advantage of the motor owner. Speed is not everything by any means; but high speed continued over a long distance is undoubtedly the surest method of discovering weak spots in design or construction. But there is no need to recite the claims of racing as a means of improving the breed; this was recognised before motor-cars were thought of.

THE LIGHT CAR RACE.

The Junior Car Club's 200-miles race at Brooklands will be run over 73 laps—actually almost 202 miles. There will be two classes, for cars of a cylinder capacity under 1,100 cc., and from 1,101 cc. to 1,500 cc. It is not only the first race of its kind ever held in England, but is the longest that has been run upon the Brooklands track. Up to the time of the closing of the entry list at ordinary fees, fifty-one cars, representing twenty-seven different makes, had been entered. Of these thirteen are in the smaller and thirty-eight in the larger class. Entries will be received at double fees until noon, September 15th. The regulations, which we have before us, appear to be excellently designed to cover every possible contingency, and there is every reason to believe that the event will be an unqualified success.



SIMPLE.

Said a motoring Johnny named Dyer,
"It's hot, or else I am a lyer!
I'd get quite a breeze
If I bored one of these!"
So he punctured a hole in a tyer!

W H I T H E R A W A Y ?

By Capt. E. de Normanville.

'The right car at the right price'—and let the public have what it wants, not what the manufacturer thinks it ought to want: this, Captain de Normanville considers, is the secret of success in the motor industry.

NOW is the time, methinks, when one can, with a certain measure of justification, indulge in a little introspection. But it is not to be construed as relative to our own personal affairs; rather do I mean a little mental examination of the potentialities of British motoring development. I ask, therefore, "Whither Away?" Where are we making for as a motoring nation? Where is the British industry getting to? Is all as well as it should be? If not—why not? What, where, whence, why, and wherefore our difficulties and obstacles? I would not like to have raised such a thorny subject a month or six weeks ago. We were then passing through the aftermath of bad times. Whether as a nation or as an industry, we had nothing particularly cheering in the outlook.

Now, however, our industry is once again on the upswing to prosperity, the clouds are breaking away under the insistent demand of motoring development, and the outlook once again assumes the rosy tints of a happy dawn. We can afford, therefore, to take ourselves to task, and if we have painful subjects to consider, we can grapple them courageously and look plain facts in the face. Let's get on with the good work then.

WHY THAT SLUMP?

Having at last broken the back of our period of slump, we can "sit up and take notice" of the probable causes, having so long had to deal with effects. Why that slump then? Most people tell you that it was a question of over-production. Well, I venture to draw swords with "most people." I very much doubt whether over-production was really the cause. In this country we are very differently situated from the United States. In that land of blessed Prohibition—blessed on account of the 2,000 miles of water between it and ourselves!—it is more than probable that their slump was due to over-production pure and simple. In this country, however, the

proposition is an entirely different one. We are still hopelessly and shamefully behind the States in motoring development. And I ask you point-blank whether you are going to tell me that this little country of ours is always going to remain so comparatively backward? If you say so, then I am going to cross swords with you also. I won't have it. I won't believe it—and you'll never make me believe it. We may be a bit slow in starting—we usually are—but we shall get there in the end, as we *always* do.

If, then, as a nation we are so hopelessly unequipped with mechanical traction in its every sphere, I ask you whether over-production can be the right word to account for our slump?

I admit it is a very simple way of finding an answer to our difficulties, but I also submit that it is rather too superficial. Such a reasoning, to my mind, evinces a lack of perspicuity, and is untenable under logical analysis. No, I will not accept the statement that our temporary slump was due to over-production.

A SUBTLE POINT.

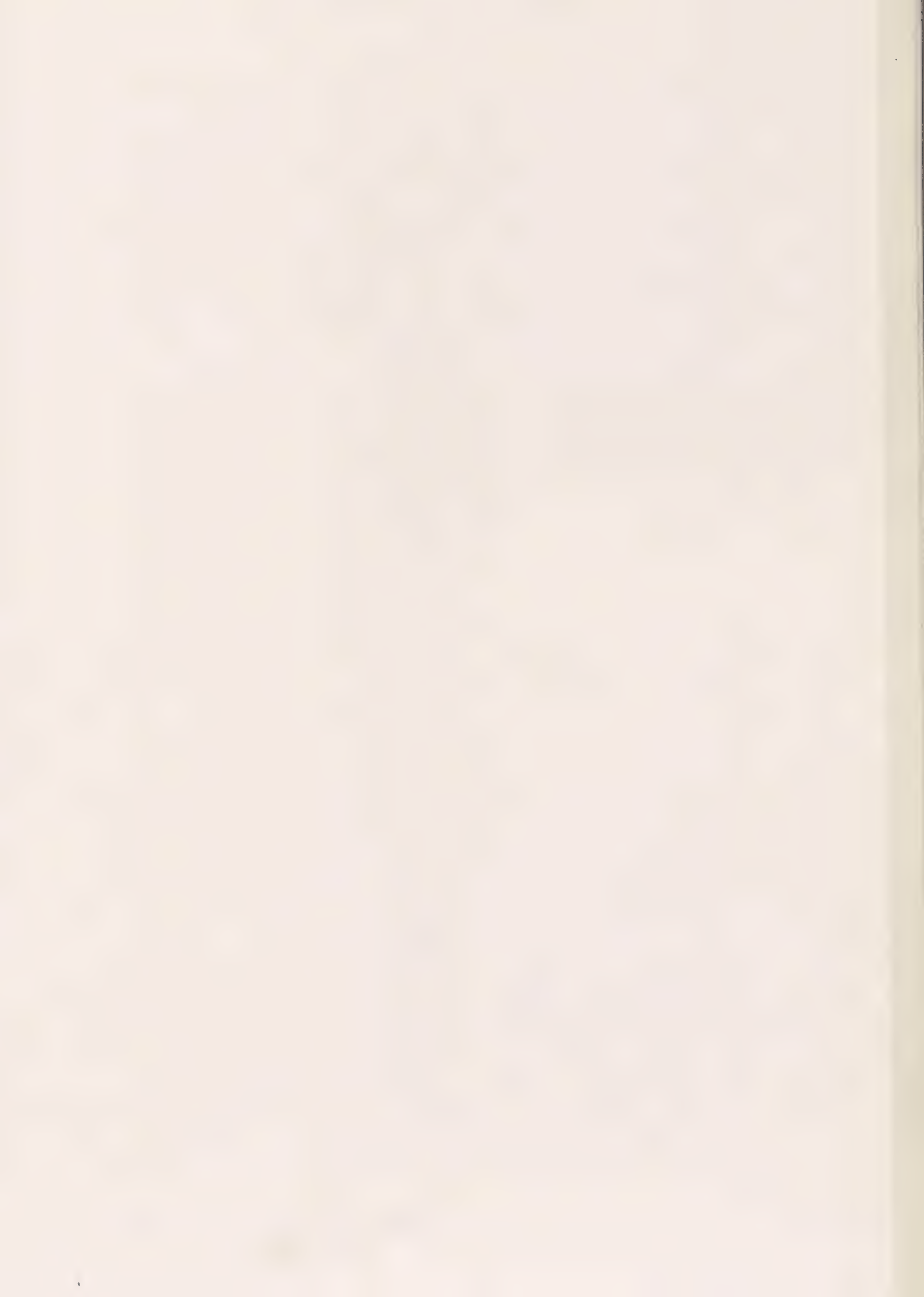
If now you would like to call me some silly names, I am going to present you with an opportunity for so doing. Having denied the preachings of the "Over-productionists," I am going to make an admission. Frankly, I admit that our slump has been due to the production of more vehicles than the current demands the then-existing markets could absorb. Please, don't throw that ink-bottle at my head! I can hear you saying: "What the dickens is that but over-production?" But it is just precisely there where I am going to "catch you bending," if you will excuse such loose phraseology. Let me try and explain.

Delve for a moment into a little recent history. During the height of the slump there were a number of price reductions. In certain cases where sales had dwindled almost to vanishing-point in the worst period of the slump, the announcement of import-

ant price reductions instantaneously transformed the worst period of the slump into a flourishing boom. I have in mind one particular case where I was privileged to get some definite data of a most exclusive nature. We will call the car the Jones-Smith, and picture it as one of the medium-priced popular types—which it was. Now, as I say, the period of deepest depression was by a stroke of the pen transformed into a brilliant boom, which has remained in force ever since. You will now begin to follow the theorem which I am propounding for your consideration. Here was a case (and there were several such) where the inability of the market to absorb production was immediately transformed into the inability of the manufacturers to meet demand. Yet at the time when the cars could not be sold you would, no doubt, have told me that over-production was the cause. But I ask you to notice that a change in the circumstances of sale immediately exposed the fallacy of that theory.

THE RIGHT JOB.

I ask you, therefore, whether it is not preferable to say that the cause of the slump was to be found rather in the non-supply of the right article at the right price. You will, I think, agree that this is a subtle difference from the standpoint of over-production, and yet, when one comes to look forward to the future, it is a matter of vital importance. Let us try to take other examples and follow them out to a logical conclusion. In the case of certain other cars, even when the general slump was at its very worst, the manufacturers were enjoying a boom period almost unparalleled in the history of the industry. Yet cars with similar paper specifications and approximately similar prices were in the Slough of Despond of Slumpitis. Why? I ask you to see whether such an extraordinary circumstance can logically be answered by childish lispings "over-production." Why should some cars be selling at over a





“Maxwell & Chalmers”

MR. ARNOLD DE LA POER

LET US PROFIT BY THE EXPERIENCE OF OUR FRIENDS.

hundred per week, and others be unable to "get a move on" at all? You cannot logically say, "over-production." I claim, therefore, that the non-supply of the right article at the right price much more nearly fits the bill under unbiased analysis of the situation. To my mind it is somewhat analagous to the following case, which is, perhaps, simpler to appreciate. Suppose that a play is put on at a leading London theatre, and proves a comparative failure. Night after night there is only a sprinkling of the public to come and see it. Yet on the other side of the street there is another theatre playing night after night, and matinee after matinee, to crowded houses. Surely it would be illogical for the proprietor of the non-successful theatre to say that the public had lost their desire for theatre-going, or that there was over-production in theatrical enterprise? The booming success of the competitor on the other side of the road supplies a logical negation to such a tenet. No, it would not be a case of over-production, but of the supply either of an unsuitable piece, or the charging of unsuitable prices, or perchance a combination of the two.

WHAT TYPE?

And so it is in the motor industry. Even in the worst periods of the recent slump manufacturers of some cars were enjoying an unquestionable boom. As another example, take the case of some other cars prices of which were reduced enormously, but with substantially no effect in increasing sales. Here again are we not forced to a somewhat similar deduction? If the accepted market value of an article is £1,500 at the beginning of one week, and the same quality article is offered the next week for £1,200, it is surely obvious that a widened market and increased sales should result. Yet in some cases they did not. And I ask you to bear in mind that at the same time the boom was going on in regard to several other cars.

Let us be honest with ourselves. We've had a slump, and we've suffered from it. Let us "sit up and take notice" like men. It's no use saying "Kismet," or training a parrot to screech, "Over-production." Should

we not rather ask ourselves whether the logical facts of the situation do not lead to the deduction I have set before you. If we are not producing the right article at the right price, then, in Heaven's name, let us admit our mistake and get busy at once on the right lines. Those lines should be fairly obvious to any one who wishes to take notice. The cars which have boomed in spite of the slump are well-known entities. Surely in their contemplation lies the obvious line of thought? It is the business of our industry to give both our home and overseas markets the cars which they desire to purchase. Some of us are rather tempted to offer what we think they ought to have instead of what it is more or less obvious they desire to have. Let us profit by our recent slump. The horizon is once again brightening, and there is a brilliant industrial future just round the shimmering edges of the fast-dispersing clouds. But if we are to reap the harvest we must sow the right seed. And in this case the right seed is spelt "The right car at the right price"—and finally, mark you, it has got to be the "right car at the right price" in fact, not merely in verbal claims.

THIS MONTH'S

Mr. Arnold de la Poer, Managing Director of Maxwell Motors, Ltd., is the subject of this month's M.O. Cartoon, which is published as a supplement to the September number. He is a noteworthy apostle of the creed of "Service." "There is only one way of conducting a motor business satisfactorily," he says, "and that is by backing a sound proposition with sound service. It should be—and, in the case of my company, is—one's whole



CARTOON.

aim to keep one's customers satisfied, and that can only be done by giving them the best service possible. The future of any automobile, no matter how good the car, cannot be bright unless this method is adopted." Mr. de la Poer, who is a native of Waterford and still well on the sunny side of 40, possibly owes his clear insight into the needs of the industry to his early training in America, where "Service" is not so much a policy as a fetish.

HIC JACET, AND NO PHOENIX BUSINESS.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK.

By Christobel Nicholson.

There's no friend like an old friend—the same with cars. But a new friend should not be judged until he has been tried. Again, the same with a car—run her a few hundred miles before really criticising.

IF I were told to write the Ten Commandments of the motorist, the very first on the list would be, "Thou shalt not damn a new car before the engine is run in." And for women drivers I should have the words printed in red, because, although I hate to own it, I think that the majority of members of my own sex are more impatient over mechanical matters than their brothers. Women are not naturally so inclined to meddle with machinery, and therefore are less likely to discover causes for effects than mankind, whose favourite cradle toys consisted of cogwheels and nuts and bolts.

Anyway, the need for such a commandment was brought home to me very forcibly the other day by two girls with whom I was boxed in a railway carriage for some seven hours. They were discussing cars in general, and I soon discovered that one of the talkers belonged to the type who buys a "beautiful car" to-day and sells an "infernal machine" to-morrow. In about two years, apparently, she had been possessed of something like fifty cars, and, having just disposed of the fifty-first, was about to buy another.

By a process of Sherlock Holmes-like deductions, I discovered the disease from which she was suffering.

Somewhere at the beginning of her motoring career she had bought a practically new but nevertheless second-hand car. That car had behaved beautifully, and had never given the slightest trouble until it was inadvertently driven, end on, at a fire-engine going to a fire. It was a case of *Hic jacet*, and never to rise again. The insurance paid up, and my train companion began her search after a rival to her first-born.

Instead of returning to the second-hand market, she "blued" a little extra cash (and has continued to blue it with great success until the present time) and bought a brand new car. From the moment that that car passed into her hands its reputation began to fly, for the simple reason that

she expected the engine to run as though it had already done a thousand miles or so. Any small adjustments it needed lost it several hundred marks in her opinion, because she neither waited to see the result of those adjustments nor enquired of the garage mechanic—who made a small fortune out of her stupidity—the cause of the trouble.

Now the most extraordinary part of the business was that she bred horses—bred them, trained them, showed them, and sold them, without ever drawing a comparison between her treatment of her cars and her treatment of her horses. It never entered her head that a car needs very nearly as much humouring and patience as a horse before it will give of its best. She would never have expected an unbroken colt to draw a dog-cart successfully, yet she saw no reason why a new engine should not be equal in every way to one which has been run in.

Engines are made up of a collection of perfectly constructed parts. Each unit is complete in itself, therefore it is entirely capable of assisting in the running of the engine as a whole; but perfection in running cannot be obtained until every one of these parts is accustomed, not only to working by itself, but also to working in conjunction with all the other units.

Given sufficient time, many of the diseases of a new engine will cure themselves. For instance, the new metal, although turned and smoothed and smoothed and turned, may yet be slightly rough in places. Continual oiling and continuous running will result in any stiffness of the working parts being overcome without mechanical aid. There are, however, nearly always small faults which a good mechanic will remedy immediately by slight adjustments or alterations. Let us take the case of the carburetter, which is usually one of the chief offenders.

Suppose that, when tested at the works, the car was run on petrol. The carburetter was set accordingly and adjusted until it gave satisfactory

results. The purchaser of the car prefers to run her engine on benzole and may find that, by altering the setting of the carburetter ever so slightly, she obtains a still better fuel consumption than before. Many other little attentions, requiring no particular skill and energy, may become necessary as the engine runs itself in. The engine will go on running even if no notice is taken of it, but the length of its life and the strength of its power may be materially increased by shepherding the early stages of its existence.

About a year ago a friend of mine bought a new car of a new make. After two or three days' testing, the engine seemed so satisfactory that it was decided to take the car out for a tour of some three hundred miles.

Then the fun began. In those three hundred miles two beautiful new back axles went to glory. One after another the differentials gave out; one after another the occupants of the car used up all their spare vocabulary, and one after another perspiring mechanics arrived post haste from the works armed with back axles and apologies galore.

Undoubtedly this was an extraordinary business, but the owner of the car, having more than average intelligence and knowing that post-war steel is not always wholly reliable, accepted the manufacturer's excuse that the trouble was due to a batch of faulty metal from abroad. She kept her temper enough to order the third and last axle which, being made from a different consignment of material, turned up trumps and has given no trouble during all this time, although it has covered many thousands of miles.

Every effect has a cause. An engine is not a thing that can be banged about, driven all out all the time, and go on for ever without attention. If a horse has a cold you give it a bran mash. Treat your car in the same way. Vet it, consider it, understand it and, above all, handle it as you would handle a live creature, and you will be amply repaid for the trouble taken.

WHAT THEY ARE WEARING IN PARIS.

IN ADVANCE OF THE TIMES.

A Page that should Please Lady Readers.



*Three more striking
designs which we have
had straight from Paris.*

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

We have often thought, especially in glancing through the advertisement pages of American motor magazines, that the Millennium cannot be so far off, after all. By fitting the various gadgets petrol consumption should be cut down to a minus quantity, and wear rendered non-existent. Here is a short story on the same theme.

FOUR of us were seated round the smoke-room fire of an hotel which in its utter desolation seemed the embodiment of the East Coast in the "off" season.

There was myself, Driver, whom I had known since college days, a thin, elderly man in well-worn tweeds named Smith, and lastly a stout, prosperous-looking individual guilty of lemon-coloured boots and "plus four" breeches of a pattern which would have been considered outrageous on a tiled floor. None of us knew his name, and none of us had been sufficiently interested to look him up in the visitors' book.

Four cars stood in the garage, four sets of golf clubs in the hall, but the day had been spent alternately in tapping the barometer and glowering through rain-swept windows. Nothing probably short of the boredom engendered by that downpour would have broken down Smith's reserve or made us condone the advances of the "super-breeks." As it was, we chatted amiably enough and found a common interest in motoring.

To talk motoring nowadays is to talk taxation. Driver proceeded to draw for our benefit a highly imaginative picture of a mass meeting of 150,000 enraged motorists in Hyde Park, of the subsequent march down Whitehall, and how the Ford owners, getting out of hand, had precipitated an attack on the offices of the Ministry of Transport. He went on to describe the desperate resistance offered by battalions of charwomen, aided by commissionaires and police; how the Fordites had swept it aside, and finally how the Minister of Transport and all his underlings were dragged from the piles of red tape under which they had taken cover, hurried along to the Strand, and hurled under the wheels of the passing traffic.

"May I be there to see it!" added "Super-breeks" when the laughter subsided. "Unlikelier things 'ave 'appened."

Driver nodded. "They have. But, joking apart, this new taxation is about the last straw for men like myself, who have to consider every penny, and don't do 3,000 miles a year. Perhaps you're one of those fortunate ones whom it doesn't affect?"

"Super-breeks" smiled, a fat, pleased smile. "No, I'm 'appy to say it don't. All the same, I'm a man wot believes in economy. Yus, most certainly I do." He slapped a violently coloured pocket.

Smith looked up, and there was a twinkle in his eye. "I'm in the same boat as you, Mr. Driver. Economy is rather a hobby of mine; and I'll tell you what I did. My car is a 20 h.p. Poltergeist, date about, 1908. She'd do round about twenty miles to the gallon, and with petrol at four bob a tin I didn't worry much. Then the price began to go up and up, and I realised I'd have to do something drastic or else get rid of the car. Have you ever studied advertisements? Well, I hadn't till then; but it wasn't long before I realised that I'd been chucking away enough money to buy a new car. It was positively sinful. Even the petrol I'd been using was all wrong, for I saw it stated that another brand would save five per cent. I fitted a set of Phiteezi twine tyres and constrictor rings, and was careful to use nothing but Antipon oil and Clam spirit; and before I knew where I was the old bus was doing thirty to the gallon. Next I read that Aertex socks for the valve tappets would save another ten miles. I had them, too, and, lo and behold, consumption dropped from thirty to forty, just as the advertisement said. Well, it seemed a pity to stop at a paltry forty, so my next venture was a Jumbo air valve, guaranteed to save forty per cent. It was fitted to the old Zambuk carburetter; and it did, sure enough. I got from London to Brighton on less than a gallon.

"It wasn't long after that that I was struck by the claims made for

the "Pawson-Higgs" carburetter. You probably know it. No throttle, and the choke-tube inside the float. I must confess to feeling the least bit sceptical about it—seemed too good to be true—but the makers swore it was just what my Poltergeist needed. It simply couldn't help saving twenty per cent, and might quite easily save fifty . . . I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Nothing, ole sport. Go on."

"Super-breeks" began a minute inspection of the polychromatic band on his cigar.

"Well, as I was saying," continued Smith, "it seemed too good to be true. I explained that I was getting fifty miles to the gallon already, but they simply wouldn't listen to me, brushed aside all my doubts. Gentlemen, I fear you may think I'm romancing, but nevertheless that Heaven-sent instrument was as good as their word. Fifty per cent., and no less, was what it saved, and the old Poltergeist handled like a racer. One of these days I mean to put up a statue to Pawson Higgs.

"The Hygienifier, a device for supplying hygienic air, was not quite so revolutionary, but with one thing and another I cut down the consumption to 150 miles per gallon; and I think you'll agree with me that for a 1908 car it's not so dusty."

We did agree—or rather, Driver and I agreed. "Super-breeks" suddenly hurled his imposing cigar into the fireplace, muttered something which sounded to me like "pack of infernal lies," and marched out of the room.

"Hullo!" cried Smith, "something seems to have upset our stout friend. Hope it wasn't my nonsense."

"More likely his cigar," laughed Driver. "I noticed he smoked the band. Well, anybody for a drink?"

He rang the bell.

The drinks arrived; and a thought occurred to me. "Waiter," I said, "can you tell me who it is who has just gone out?"

"Yes, sir," he answered; "gentleman of the name of Pawson Higgs."

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU!

LITTLE INCIDENTS OF THE ROAD.

'Most anything that tends to relieve monotony is welcome, but . . . !



Motorist : " You must make quite a bit by towing cars out of that rut ? "
Teamster : " Yes, Sir, I do. That there rut's worth £200 a year to me ! "
Motorist : " Um ! Who's the road surveyor hereabouts ? "
Teamster : " I AM ! "



The Optimist : " By Jove ! Holding up my hands
this way has completely cured my hiccough. "



Will you please go kind o' easy over our
mud-pies, mister ?

AROUND BIRMINGHAM.

A Motorist's Paradise, wherein a Serpent hath crept.

BIRMINGHAM in many respects is something in the nature of a motorist's paradise, for, apart from the fact that the traffic in the city and its outskirts is as thick as, and more difficult to negotiate than, that of London, it is almost ideally situated in the midst of interesting surroundings. It has one drawback—Birmingham is as far from the sea in every direction as almost any spot in the British Isles. "Almost any," because the city does not lie in the exact centre of England—Meriden, on the Coventry road, claims that honour—but it is sufficiently near that point to make a run to the seaside out of the question except for a week-end trip. The Birmingham motorist, however, has the whole of Shakespeare's country within reach of an afternoon's run; he has historic Warwick, beautiful Evesham and, for contrast, the delightful (!) Black Country within easy range. He has Liveridge, Mucklow and Gorcott hills handy for testing purposes, ample stretches of straight on which it is sometimes possible to go "all out"—we have ourselves touched 75 on the Stratford road; and he has an un-

limited range of scenery to choose from. Up in the Lickey Hills, near Bromsgrove, for instance, he can lose himself, work across to Kidderminster and return through Halesowen; or,



even nearer home, in the lanes connecting the Stratford, Warwick and Coventry roads there are still many beautiful spots unspoiled by the march of progress and the advance of the electric tram. There is such a network of lanes in the neighbourhood that it is unnecessary to give a detailed route. The motorist who finds himself anywhere in that region has a choice of a hundred and one different alternatives and extensions without using a main road for more than a few yards. We had come to the conclusion that the main roads round London were pretty bad at week-ends, but on a recent Sunday afternoon we had to drive into Birmingham from Warwick, and, later, drive out again to Stratford, and we decided that the motorist in search of a quiet and peaceful run was in even more hapless case in the Midlands. But he is splendidly provided with opportunities for escaping the continuous procession of main road traffic—the serpent in this Paradise—and we learn that for the most part the surfaces of the by-roads round Birmingham are in excellent condition.



Berry Hall, near Solihull, and—



—not far away, Grimshaw Hall, near Knowle.

A DISASTROUS BRAIN-WAVE.

J U S T T H I N K !

Is the idea of a thought-controlled car too fantastic? The modern vehicle requires little more—one's thoughts are transmitted physically instead of mechanically or electrically, that is all. The main difficulty, though, might be to control the thoughts.

"HULLO, Fred, I've been trying to get hold of you for weeks past. Where've you been all this time? I've got a surprise for you. Come home with me and I'll make you open your eyes in amazement."

"Oh, will you? What's the surprise this time? Another of your brain-waves? If so, I'd rather not come. I haven't forgotten that smash when you took me for a run on your car fitted with those anti-collision buffers of yours! Even now I cannot fit a decent sized hat."

The two men, one an enthusiastic inventor and the other his only sympathetic listener, strolled on down the Strand.

"It's a brain-wave all right, but something absolutely unique. My invention this time is a car that is driven by one's brain."

"What! A car driven by one's brain? How on earth can that be possible?"

"Quite easy. Come home with me and I'll show you."

* * *

"There you are, and there she is. What do you think of her?"

"What do I think of her? Well, what is it—or she? What's that thing hanging over the driver's seat? Where's your steering wheel? Where are your gears and brake lever? I don't understand it all."

"They're not necessary, old boy—not on this car, anyway. And that 'thing,' as you call it, is the 'thinking cap.'"

"Thinking cap? Steering wheel and gears not necessary? You're wandering, my lad."

"No, sir, not on your life. All you've got to do is to jump in the car and put the cap on your head—so—and strap it under the chin. Now everything is ready except one thing, and that's the main thing of all—thinking."

"Thinking? I still don't understand. Thinking what?"

"What you want the car to do, of course. If you want her to start, think so; if you want it to stop, think it; if you want to turn to the left or to the right, think accordingly, and so on. That's all there is in it. Just thinking. Whatever you think, the car does at once. Merely sit comfortably in the car and think."

"You must be mad! It's impossible. How on earth is it done?"

"Simple! As I think my thoughts are conveyed through the thinking cap and along these connecting wires to the thought distributor in this compartment. From that they pass along wires to a special fitting on the engine, and that fitting makes the car carry out my thoughts. Nothing easier."

"But supposing you happen to think of something that has nothing whatever to do with the car, what happens then?"

"Nothing disastrous. Such thoughts have no effect. My invention is sensitive only to thoughts that concern it. Of course one must be careful not to think too rashly in regard to one's speed and so on, or there's no knowing where one might end. Here, jump in and I'll show you."

"No thanks. I'll watch you here. I know when I'm safe! I'm not anxious

to do any volplaning or looping just now, thank you."

"Safety first, eh? But there's no need to be the slightest bit nervous. Just watch—here we go!"

He watched and the inventor thought. The car started, ran out of its garage, and dashed down the road at a terrific pace, speeding clean out of sight.

* * *

Fred saw no more of the inventor until weeks later, when a voice behind him made him start.

"Hullo, Fred, how are you? I've got a proper surprise for you this time. Come home with me and I'll show you."

"No, thanks. I've finished with your surprises. I'd rather be without them. What's happened to the brain-driven car? I waited an hour that day, but you never returned."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Everything went all right until I got to the six-mile Blankum straight road and then I caught up another Johnny who was blocking the roadway. Getting impatient and forgetting all about my special fitting I thought how wonderful it would be if my car would only take a flying leap over his and so leave him behind me. I can remember no more until I found myself in a nice white bed with the doctor asking me if I felt any better. But no one seems to have seen or heard of anything of my car; I can't make it out at all. However, while I was progressing in hospital I thought of something that..."

"That's enough, thank you. I don't want to know. At present I feel it's sweet to be alive and I'm not in a hurry to damage my skin. You and your cursed brain-waves can keep your own company. I'm finished."

"But..."

"Good day, old chap. Which do you prefer, dandelions or dog daisies?"



"The inventor thought. The car started . . . and sped clean out of sight."

THE SAFETY OF THE ROLLS.

It might be thought that a car so powerful as the Rolls-Royce would demand expert driving from the point of view of public safety. In order to obtain the best results so far as efficiency is concerned, undoubtedly skill and consideration are required, but in ordinary driving its responsiveness and controllability make it one of the safest cars upon the road to-day.

WE were dilating upon the charms of by-road wanderings in preference to mere travel on the crowded main roads of to-day. "But what's the use of talking about by-roads in *THE MOTOR-OWNER*?" some one remarked. "All your readers are Rolls-Royce owners, and you can't take a big car like that in the lanes."

Now, there might be just a modicum, a mere irreducible minimum, of truth in the first statement, and so we blushed and bowed; with regard to the second, however, we could not let that pass uncontradicted. A big car will go anywhere, or almost anywhere, that a small car can pass, and we said so.

Anyway, we were challenged to prove our contention, and a day came when Mr. Percy W. Northey, throwing the dull cares of pressing business behind him for the nonce, drove us off into the byways of Kent. To avoid the tram-lines as far as possible we followed a variety of suburban streets through Brixton and Dulwich to Crystal Palace and Bromley, the surfaces of which, to judge from the evidence of one's eyes, were nearly all indifferent to bad, the remainder being worse. Now, we took particular pains to keep this matter in mind over the whole of this stretch, and are quite easy in making the statement that not one single road-shock was transmitted to the passengers. So a bumpy lane, at any rate, has no terrors for the Rolls. But the

real test came later on, when, leaving the Hastings road we cut across to Keston Common and thence on to Downe and Cudham. The road leading to the valley between the two places is a lane pure and simple—winding, narrow and of poor surface. We are not going to say that full advantage of the power of the Rolls-Royce engine could be taken in such circumstances, for that would infer that we travelled at 70 miles an hour or thereabouts. We did maintain a pace that would represent a reasonable open-road average on most cars, however, and the extreme controllability of the car was such that acceleration up to 35 or 40 miles an hour on the few straight bits and deceleration down to a safe speed round the corners was accomplished without the slightest element of danger to those mythical persons "who might reasonably be expected to be on the

road," but who, if they are there at all, are always just round the bend, half asleep, and in the middle of the road: who suffer, in fact, from incipient suicidicity. Not only that, but the necessary variations of speed were obtained effortlessly; one did not have one's neck ricked by violent acceleration, one's nerves wrecked by the vibration of a big, hard-pulling engine, nor one's body rocked against the windscreen by sudden braking.

Credit must be given to the human element in the matter, of course, and if any one can handle a Rolls as it should be handled, that person is Mr. Northey. We did not feel, however, that even our inexperience with the car would have succeeded in producing those ricking, wrecking and rocking effects from it.

The charm of the Rolls, of course, is its effortlessness. It will creep silently on top speed up a stiff gradient with the engine scarcely turning over, or in a few moments accelerate up to the region of 70; or again, it will amble along at 35 or so—and in no case is the fact that the car is driven by a powerful engine obtrusive.

There is no need to describe in detail the by-roads which we traversed; we spent the whole afternoon in the lanes round about Westerham and across by Igham, and never did we feel that the car was too big for such use. There were plenty of occasions when, if we had met another car, a little manœuvring would have been necessary on one side or the



Mr. Percy W. Northey at the wheel of his Rolls-Royce.

GETTING BACK ONE'S SELF RESPECT.

other, for there would not have been room to pass; but that would have been equally true if our vehicle had been a fifteen-point-nine of any breed. Apart from its size, which, one must confess, scarcely suggests an inherent suitability for lane-travel, one has not to travel many miles on a Rolls to realise that the high degree of controllability which we have already mentioned—and which, to our mind, is the outstanding feature of the car—renders it one of the safest cars upon the road, and increasingly so, of course, the more difficult the conditions in which it is driven.

This brings us to another point in connection with the Rolls-Royce—an unjustified criticism, according to our ideas. We were chatting with a certain person regarding the various cars we have tried, and he remarked: "Have you been out on a Rolls? I don't like 'em—there isn't enough to do!"

We were surprised. It is true enough, of course, that, having a powerful engine, any fool, so to speak, can drive a Rolls, but we should have said that the process of obtaining the best results by a judicious use of its wonderful powers of acceleration and deceleration—and, in hilly country, its various gear ratios—was a matter not only calling for skill in high degree but giving the greatest possible pleasure.

In traffic, or for merely bowling along a main road at a steady, moderate pace, is it not rather an advantage to be able to sit at ease and let the car do the work, with the knowledge that alteration in pace or direction is an instant and certain matter of the lightest touch of foot or hand? Is not this, in fact, the goal towards which thirty years of striving has brought us?

There is no pleasing every one, however . . . some people really would rather drive a cycle car as a matter of choice and quite regardless of financial questions . . . and there's no account-

ing for tastes! The owner and constant user of a Rolls-Royce possibly does not long retain the original joy of possession, but for us the velvety progression and amazing responsiveness of the car are a constant delight. . . . We can imagine a business man who has sustained a nasty knock going out in his Rolls to get back his self-respect.

There is scarcely need to speak of hill-climbing in regard to the Rolls-Royce. Excellence in this respect goes without saying. But as a matter of curiosity, and in order to discover how a modern car deals with a hill which we knew well some years ago, and have not ascended since, we made the ascent of River Hill. The three-speed car of 1907 vintage—and a good one of its year—with which we usually made this ascent *could* reach the top on second; but usually didn't! The contrast, therefore, was the more striking, for, although we went up on third on the Rolls, and kept the needle on the 35 mark, our impression was that the car would have had no difficulty whatever in going up on top, although maybe not quite so quickly. Westerham we climbed on second, on the same principle, for it proved to be a hill well within the scope of the Rolls's third speed.

As we said above, the capability of

the car for making spectacular ascents did not astonish us, and is worthy of passing comment only. We were much more impressed with the ability of the engine to propel the car *slowly* up quite steep grades; it was for that kind of automobile attribute, as a matter of fact, that we were seeking. One of the difficulties of lane-wanderings with the average car is that one dare not get up a sufficient pace on the level in order to surmount the steep little rises which are so frequently found round the corner without changing gear. Gear shifting, certainly, is a comparatively easy matter nowadays, but the mere necessity for keeping a sense alive to the probable requirements of the engine, plus the watchfulness which is always required when driving on a narrow, winding road, detract materially from the full enjoyment of the run.

The super-flexibility—to use a somewhat unmechanical phrase—of the Rolls-Royce engine leaves one comparatively free to enjoy the scenery, if that be one's desire, for it is seldom really necessary to change speed for a hill. We may be wrong, but we should imagine that the Rolls would run smoothly up a one-in-seven gradient at four or five miles an hour; that it would clear the same rise at forty or more if the hill were rushed and taken

on third speed is apart from the point, for that is just the method of driving which is next to impossible—or at any rate unsafe—in lanes.

Really, when one comes to think of it, all these various admirable features of the Rolls-Royce, which must impress anyone who rides in the car, after the first impression of supreme luxury has ceased to be a novelty, concentrate and focus upon a point—safety. The Rolls, in spite of its power and size, is one of the safest cars that we have ever driven, and quickly inspires a feeling of self-confidence even in a nervous driver.



Light and shade in a Kentish lane.

LUXURIOUS COACHWORK ON—

The illustration below shows a coupé body by the Regent Carriage Company on a Minerva chassis. The two bucket seats are independent and adjustable, and have no partition between them and the double dickey, thus leaving ample luggage space.



— CARS LARGE AND SMALL.

A Cunard owner-driver saloon on a Napier chassis. This body has not a single moulding except the water cornice above the windows. Except for the doors, there are only two pieces of metal in the whole of the panelling.



WHERE MY FANCY TAKES ME.

Is it too extravagant to suggest that a very pleasant week-end might be spent along the lines of this article? Although many of us profess to despise time-table touring, we are more or less dependent upon the map and the "appointed hotel." But it would be an interesting experience to test the writer's theories.

IMAGINE just for once that you at the wheel are not the guiding spirit of the machine in which you travel, but that instead the engine to-day is going to point the way. This you may say is wrong, and not your fancy; but stay, you bought the car because you liked everything about it—in other words, you fancied it. Be this as it may, it really doesn't matter; before lies the road, an open book more or less, when once the city tram-lines are left behind, when the hand of the police officer no longer holds up long streams of traffic, when the vapour of the exhaust box is not continually wafting itself straight into your face, when the acrobatic performances of pedestrians—confused as to their own objective on crossing the King's highway—are but a memory; when all these things, I say, are temporarily left behind, nothing remains but the breath of the countryside around, clean, pure and unadulterated, crisp and cool—for presumably the hour is somewhat early—that's the time to enjoy nature. And so the engine dives into the by-lanes and away from the well-tarred roads, those beaten tracks upon which the hum of many cars resounds. How far you will be taken before the sun goes down, where your head will rest this night, you know not; but have no fear, your up-to-date map will tell your exact position upon consultation, and in the end all will be well. The little strip of earth, called by courtesy a road, winds along, on each side rise sloping banks covered with ferns, a mass of emerald green, whilst scores of wild flowers intersperse themselves in such manner that the landscape gardener here finds his master. There is no orthodox planting, no colour scheme to be considered when Nature plans her garden, everything fits in so beautifully. The vista opens out, and there to the right is a gently flowing stream, flanked on either side with rushes and tall grasses; willow trees, birch and poplar sway idly in the summer breeze. Country that you

never knew existed is here for the seeking, at very little distance from the broad highway. If so be that from the old stone bridge spanning the water you espy a fisherman, keep very still and watch his ways—they are cunning, because he must use all his wits if he is to catch the trout lazily sucking down the floating fly that's fallen on the water. Many and many a time will he dry his fly and cast with a gentle touch on to a chosen spot until his patience is rewarded and his basket becomes the heavier by a pound or two. His is a gentle art and one full of reminiscence, could you but draw him out—but then, of course, a fisherman's tales are not generally given on oath.

You will see a ball of sapphire blue flash past in the twinkling of an eye—a kingfisher way off up stream to a quieter spot maybe, where he knows the smaller fry abound. Without a doubt here will be the darting fly-catcher seemingly tied by an invisible spring to his perch on a branch hanging low over the water, for notice carefully how he always returns to the spot whence he set out. Gaily coloured butterflies flit hither and thither in company with gauzy winged dragon-flies, who fly quite as rapidly backwards as forwards. These then are some of the frequenters of the little trout stream. Beyond, far up in the pine trees, you will hear the raucous notes of the jay, the gentle cooing of doves, and sometimes on the hillside the crow of a cock pheasant—note of alarm or signal that he at any rate has found one more succulent morsel in the day's forage for food. These are but common sights and sounds for the villager, and on inquiry, the oldest inhabitant could tell many an engaging story of the wily old trout who lived for years close by the bridge defying every effort at capture, until one day his existence ended at the end of a night line set by—but then that's quite another matter. You'll never get to know *that* little bit of information!

Fascinated by this little old world spot, the time has slipped quickly by, and so on again, where the road leads downhill, through the valley until the golden sunset bids you consult the faithful map to find your exact position. Behold, in the close vicinity is to be found a farmhouse, where hospitality can be procured. This, then, is the spot where the night will be spent.

Run into the yard, inquire of the farmer as to his ability to meet your requests, strike a bargain with the old man, stable the car, and go in with a keen appetite for the evening meal there on the table ready to be attacked. Fresh eggs, new milk, cream, home-cured ham, farmhouse bread—better than city fare this, and not digested or masticated either to the rhythm of the latest ragtime! Later, perhaps, a yarn with the old people, and then to sleep in an old four-poster bed, the spotless sheets and linen sweetly fragrant of lavender, whilst in at the window comes the seductive scent of the tiny flower garden. And outside the hoot of an owl or desultory bark of the watchdog breaking the stillness of the night, your sleep most assuredly will be of a most delightful kind. But a farmhouse is notoriously early astir, therefore the rattle of milk cans, the cries of the cowherd as he cajoles his charges each into her separate stall, need have no disturbing effect—'twill appear to be a dream, as, idly dozing on, you find the brilliant morning sun streaming into the room through ancient diamond window panes. Nature's music—the full-throated song of a score of birds falls on your ear; this and many other things appear so beautiful, so charming in their influence that here you think is that haven of rest, the realisation of your dreams. Later you step somewhat mechanically into the driving seat, and unwittingly gathering speed, glide along mile after mile, seeking the first-class road which slips like a ribbon beneath.



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MOTORING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From a motorist's point of view, South Africa has not only "arrived" but in many respects has far surpassed the Old Country. This is particularly true in regard to the very complete arrangements that have been made for parking cars in city streets.

THE number of motor cars in use in South Africa has been on the increase noticeably during the last couple of years, and in Johannesburg, the largest city, there are now about 4,000 automobiles besides those that are registered on the Reef municipalities in the neighbourhood. Traffic was getting considerably mixed in Johannesburg towards the end of 1920, and at last steps were taken to park cars, and parking spaces were allocated. This was done as an experiment, and although many motorists did not take kindly to it at first, they soon worked in with the idea, and to-day cars are pretty well parked throughout the town.

Johannesburg has many narrow streets, and it has been found that parking spaces in these are impracticable. Wherever possible, diagonal parking has been adopted; but there are very few streets wide enough for this. It is anticipated that when the streets are remade, white cement or brick lines will be built into them, and in the meantime whitewash lines are being successfully used to show motorists where to park their cars. Of course, only the South African climate would allow of whitewash lines, and in this sunny town it is only necessary to whitewash the lines once every three or four days. It was found that motorists made a very irregular line if they did not have some sort of guide.

Many things have been learnt that were not at first taken into account in putting the parking scheme into opera-



The disposal of one's car, supposing it to be owner-driven, is one of the problems of the London motorist. They have solved the problem to some purpose in Johannesburg.

tion. At first, motorists would jam themselves up in the lines, and then there would be great difficulty in getting away again. Also motor-cyclists (there are many thousands of them on the Reef) would place their machines in parking places and take up the room meant for a car. But all these kind of things are being smoothed over, and Johannesburg's traffic is certainly better in 1921 than it was during the greater part of 1920. Besides, the town looks neater.

The police do not consider that the chief cause of motor accidents in Johannesburg is due to speed, but to negligence—often on the part of other traffic. Besides, if motor speed is to be reduced, then tramcars will also have to be brought down because the street cars serve way-out suburbs, necessitating a fast service. The use of mechanical signalling devices has seriously been considered, but the police do not consider that the peculiar type of traffic warrants this. The native blacks who cannot read would mistake "Stop" and "Go" signs, but fully understand the upraised hand of the policeman.

The motorist has to pass a driving test for his licence, but under the present system the native driver of a mule team that is often more difficult to control than an automobile is simply "put on the road." "Jim" is simply told by his "Baas" that he has to obey the policeman's signals and keep to the left of the road, and then he is allowed to wander at will—and certainly does it.

SIGNPOST RHYMES.

By J. T. Ward.

The first requirement of a modern signpost is legibility, so that the motorist need not pull up to read its directions. The rhyming signposts of Cheshire do not fulfil this requirement; but they add to the gaiety of nations.

PRACTICAL-
LY all who have motored through Cheshire will have noted that picturesque carrefour, or crossways, known as Mere Corner. It is typical and ideal in that four main roads lead from it almost exactly north, south, east and west. An ancient lodge and gateway stand there leading to Mere Hall and Park with its beautiful mere, and close by in beautiful parklands are the homes of old Cheshire families. Approaching the corner from the south, the road east leads to Manchester and Yorkshire, west to Chester and North Wales, while the road northwards proceeds by Hoo Green and High Leigh to Warrington, and thence to Wigan, Preston and Lancaster.

In an irregular triangle bounded by High Leigh, Stretton (near Warrington), and Northwich, lies a lovely wooded country which from early in the fourteenth century has been possessed by the ancient family of the Warburtons of Arley and Warburton, and about a century ago merged by marriage with the Egertons, and now known by the name of the Egerton-Warburtons of Arley. Ancient historians mention the Warburtons as "a succession of Knights of good and true worth for ages," and certainly the Squires of Warburton loom largely in Cheshire history. One of them distinguished himself in the wars of the Crusades and is reported to have brought back with him a Saracen's head, which is supposed to have given the name to the inn at Warburton (nearer Manchester) known as the



Great Budworth High Street, near Northwich.

"Saracen's Head" to this day, and now a calling place of note to motorists.

It will serve to show how tragically a modern war can bring to an end an ancient lineage in the direct male line to mention that in the early months of the recent great war the young squire of Arley was killed in France, leaving two baby daughters only to succeed him. He now lies buried with numerous ancestors in the family chapel in Great Budworth Church.

Arley Hall lies in the heart of the county far away from any railway station or main roads, and is somewhat difficult for strangers to find. Privacy seems to have been aimed at for generations by the squires of Arley Hall, and one of them, at least, with evidently a genius for poetry and rhyming tendencies, made it his business to make the hall and grounds inaccessible to strangers. This squire lived in the middle of last century and erected signs and posts warning away strangers for miles in every direction around the hall in rhyming form, which

to-day excite much curiosity, if not admiration. There is also a tinge of disappointment in that no motorist, cyclist or wandering pedestrian sight-seer cares to disregard the rhyming notices so warningly and somewhat peremptorily expressed.

Doubtless some of these rhyming notice-boards around the hall and grounds have disappeared with the lapse of time and never been renewed. The writer over a period of years has seen some of them

so weatherworn as to be illegible, while others have been renewed or relettered. He has been at some pains to note those now existent, and the following are excellent examples:

"Trespassers must notice heed
Onward you may *not* proceed
Unless to Arley Hall you speed."

"No road—To all
Except to Chapel and Hall."

"This road forbidden is to all
Unless you wend your way to call
At Mill, or Green, or Arley Hall."

"No cartway—save on sufferance
here,
For horse and foot the road is clear
To Lymm, High Leigh, Hoo Green
and Mere."

It will be noted how clearly expressed in all the foregoing is the distinct refusal to all and sundry, and that the hall must not be approached unless by those having distinct and urgent business.

Nor is this all, for when the precincts

A LICENSED "PUSSYFOOT."

of the hall itself are actually gained, there is an inscription over the entrance door of Arley Hall on the stone porch:—

"This Gate is free, to all good men and true,
Right welcome thou, if worthy to pass through."

The latter was most probably inscribed when the ancient hall was modernised and encased, about the year 1846.

The same Egerton - Warburton, Squire of Arley, did not confine his poetical inclinations to writing warning rhymes for signposts. He seemed desirous of warning his tenant farmers, workmen and the country yeomen generally against the vice of drunkenness. For over the entrance porch of the "Thorn Inn" at Appleton Thorn, a village near his demesne and under his sway, is now to be seen

"You may safely, while sober, sit under the Thorn,
But if Drunk overnight it will prick you next Morn."

Perhaps the following, over the porch of the "George and Dragon" Inn, opposite the old church at Great Budworth, is a much better effort on similar lines of warning:—

As Saint George in armed array
Doth the Fiery Dragon slay,

So mayst thou, with might no less,
Slay that Dragon—Drunkenness."

A still better poetical effort is provided within the oak archway erected over the village well at Great Budworth, at the bottom of the hill leading from the church where it joins the Northwich-Warrington road, thus:—

"Blessings in never ending Love
Are on us poured from Heaven above,

"Take thy calling thankfullie,
Love thy neighbour neighbourlie,
Shun the path to Beggarie."

A few yards away on the road towards Warrington stands a very ancient hostelry, yclept "The Cock." In the dining room within is a fine oil painting depicting the incident of the visit of "Drunken Barnaby," who stayed at the inn about 1821. Drunken Barnaby was a rich parson who made

a tour around England and wrote a book in blank verse detailing his adventures. The oil painting referred to depicts Barnaby, helpless, and being carried to bed. A fine buxom young woman is shown at the door and the front of the hostelry is shown to be more picturesque than at the present day. The following verse from Barnaby's own book of his travels is lettered below the painting on the frame:—

"Thence to 'Cock' at Budworth,
where I

Drank strong Ale as browne as Berry,
Till at last, with 'deep healths' felled,
To my bed I was compelled;
I for state was bravely sorted,
By two Porters was supported."

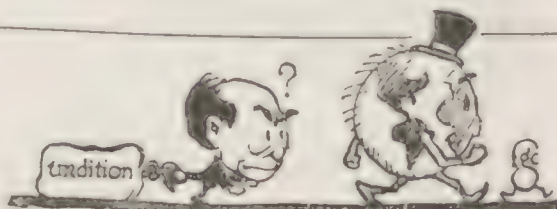
The "Cock" at Budworth is beloved of motorists, who all wish to inspect the famous old painting. Great Budworth is a veritable Mecca to all motorists who love their Cheshire.



Arley Hall, the family seat of the Egerton-Warburtons.

This running stream with ceaseless flow
Springs from the bounteous earth below,
Alike in both His goodness shown
Whom Heaven and Earth their Maker own."

Three cottages close by the well are each inscribed with lines evidently to impress the tenants above all to be thankful with their lot. Thus:—



IF YOU CLING TO TRADITION, THE WORLD WILL RUN AWAY FROM YOU.

For this very good reason, "The Motor-Owner" is compiled with a view to being the untraditional motoring paper, embracing as it does subjects of general interest to the motorist, who, after all, is possessed with the feelings and aspirations of ordinary mortals.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

Results of the last event of the Year.



*"Sunshine in Coombe Dingle." 1st Prize.
Mr. T. E. Carey, Eastville, Bristol.*



*"The Walls of Valença, Portugal." 3rd Prize.
Capt. H. Vivian, West Cross, Glamorgan.*

IN our opinion the photographs entered for THE MOTOR OWNER Photographic Competition for September are the best yet—and, naturally, those reproduced on these pages, for which prizes have been awarded, have been selected for their outstanding merit, even in such good company. It gives us great pleasure, therefore, to announce the following results:—

1st Prize.—"Sunshine in Coombe Dingle;" Mr. T. E. Carey, Eastville, Bristol.

2nd Prize.—"The Old and the New;" Mr. J. Denton Robinson, Darlington.

3rd Prize.—"The Walls of Valença, Portugal;" Captain H. Vivian, West Cross, Glamorgan.

CONSOLATION PRIZES:

"Ullswater from Martindale Church;" Miss M. Cowden, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Loch Lubnaig;" Mr. A. F. Craig, Helen's Bay, Co. Down.

"In Difficulties on a West African Road;" Mr. H. Gayton, Southampton.

"Freshwater Mariners on Lake Ontario;" Mr. E. H. Wade, Kingston Hill.

"The Old and the New." 2nd Prize. Mr. J. Denton Robinson, Darlington.



"Taxi, Sir?" Lieut. Morris, R.N., Brighton.

"A Thirsty Passenger," Mr. W. Davidson, Mansefield, Scotland.

Letters have been sent to the three principal prize-winners announcing their good fortune and requesting them, according to the terms of the competition, to name any article—preferably an automobile accessory—which they desire, the price of which comes within the values of the prizes, which are respectively £5 5s. for the first, £3 3s. for the second, and £1 1s. for the third prize. Upon hearing from the winners we shall immediately obtain and despatch to them the articles which they select. The consolation prize-winners are not given this choice, but the article—a table-napkin ring of the value of half a guinea—which we have selected as suitable to the occasion has given great pleasure to previous recipients, and has had the effect which we desired—to encourage them to try again. These rings, of course, have already been forwarded.

And now we have to make an announcement which we are afraid will be somewhat unwelcome to many of our readers who compete regularly

THE SIX CONSOLATION PRIZE WINNERS.



Consolation Prize: "Ullswater from Martindale Church." Miss M. Cowden, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



Consolation Prize: "Lock Lubnaig." Mr. A. F. Craig, Helen's Bay, Co. Down.

month after month — sometimes with success, and sometimes not. We have decided, as a result of our experience of last year, that the time has come to suspend the competition until next spring. It is only to be expected that from now onwards through the declining months of the year the entries will become fewer and of lower grade, and rather than have to abandon a competition without a previous announcement owing to sparsity of entries we prefer to close down now.

This year we announced the re-

Consolation Prize: "Freshwater Mariners on Lake Ontario." Mr. E. H. Wade, Kingston Hill.



Consolation Prize: "In Difficulties on a West African Road." Mr. H. Gayton, Southampton.

Consolation Prize: "Taxi, Sir?" Lieut. R. D. Morris, R.N., Brighton.



sumption of the competition in April after the winter suspension, and we shall doubtless follow the same course next season.

The competition has proved so popular, and we feel sure has given so much pleasure to all those who have taken part in it, even though many, in spite of repeated attempts, have not yet met with success, that the last thing we should do would be to abandon it altogether. The reason for its popularity is doubtless the lack of the formality and harassing restrictions of most competitions.

Consolation Prize: "A Thirsty Passenger." Mr. W. Davidson, Mansefield, Scotland.



THE ITALY WHICH WAS AUSTRIA.

By Charles L. Freeston, F.R.G.S.

Advice to those about to Tour among the Dolomites.

HAVE touring motorists duly realised the splendid opportunities which were unfolded by the Treaty of Rapallo?

In a word, it has altered the whole complexion of affairs for every car-owner who knows that the Alpine roads built during the last twenty years are the finest in the world.

The region of the Dolomites has been a paradise for motorists ever since the Pordoi, the Falzarego, the Broccone, and the Gobera Passes were built between the years 1905 to 1910, with surfaces that are splendid and with gradients that never exceed 8 per cent., and are mostly less. But Tyrol was an Austrian province up to the period of the war, and for long after the conclusion of peace terms there seemed to be both sentimental and practical objections to a resumption of our pre-war touring expeditions.

Austria had been our enemy, if not so venomous a one as Germany. But if that could be forgiven, there was the practical consideration of food supplies. Hotels generally manage to raise the wherewithal, however, and that point might perhaps have been waived. But there still remained a factor that was serious; in other words, relations had not been resumed between Austria and Great Britain in respect of the issue of triptyques. Hence no one could know for certain whether he would be able to cross an Austrian frontier without difficulty or might meet with all manner of trouble.

None of these considera-

tions, however, need be taken into account at all, for the simple reason that the whole Dolomite area is Italian, and has been so ever since the Treaty of Rapallo was confirmed. There still remains a Tyrol in name, but what is left of that province does not include a single one of the mountain roads that had become the happy hunting ground of British and American motorists before the war. An Italian triptyque, in

conjunction with a French, will suffice to carry the British tourist without let or hindrance over every route that is worth taking in the high Alps, save for the limited number of those available in Switzerland.

Venezia Tridentina, the new Italian province created by the Treaty of Rapallo, embraces every one of the Dolomite Passes which, because of their splendid picturesqueness and no

less because of their magnificent engineering, had become household words with touring motorists. But it does even more. The world-famous Stelvio, which enjoys the proud supremacy of being the highest road in the Alps, and will remain so until the French have realised their pre-war ambition of building a road over the Col d'Iséran, was formerly half in Austria and half in Italy; it is now entirely Italian. The last mountain road, moreover, to be built before the war—namely, the Jaufen—is now in Venezia Tridentina, as also are the Tonale, the Mendel, the Campiglio, the Reschen-Scheideck and others which one associated with Austria, in addition to the highways of the Dolomites themselves.

To travel over each and all of these by car is the acme of motoring delight, and it is not too much to say that Italy is now the most richly endowed country in Europe in respect of touring attractiveness, for to its wealth of art treasures and its natural beauties of sea and lake must now be added the special glories of the Dolomite and neighbouring regions. True it is that



A typical schloss.

A DIRECT ROUTE.

Italy has always been a mountainous country from end to end, but it is for other reasons mainly that it has been visited, whereas now it possesses a special mountain centre without a rival.

Nor is this all. Even if it be only a matter of sentiment that the Alpine tourist now finds himself on Allied instead of ex-enemy soil when cruising among the Dolomites, the circumstances have changed in another and very pleasing way. Under the new regime various roads have been thrown open which were formerly closed to cars; consequently the resources of the Dolomite district have been materially increased for the motoring tourist.

The famous Dolomitenstrasse, or Dolomites Road, for example, is now open to cars along its entire length—

that is to say, from Cortina d'Ampezzo to Bozen (Bolzano)—and leads successively over the Falzarego, the Pordoi and the Karer Passes. Before the war, however, the motorist could only run up to the summit of the Karer from the Cortina side, and if he wished to get through to Bozen he had to retrace his wheel-tracks to the Pordoi road and then cross the San Lugano Pass. He may now, however, continue his journey to Bozen in a direct line, over a road which is not only more picturesque than the San Lugano, but considerably shorter into the bargain.

Another route which was closed to cars under the Austrian regime was that over the Tre Croci Pass to the beautiful Misurina Lake—a favourite excursion from Cortina. This, too, is no longer a forbidden route.

I hear, too, of new roads being built and others widened for automobile traffic, and of these I shall have more to say from first-hand acquaintance at a later date; by the time, in fact, that these lines are in print I hope to have explored them all, and am looking forward to some particularly interesting experiences.

Meanwhile I may be allowed to indicate, from long experience of this delightful region of Venezia Tridentina, which we have so long known as Tyrol, the best way of viewing its manifold attractions by road.

It must be assumed that Como has been reached by one route or another, and that necessarily the traveller has already had some experience of Alpine motoring, for he will have crossed either the Mont Cenis, the Simplon, the Petit St. Bernard, the Col du Lautaret,



A hairpin corner on the Pordoi Pass.

PICTURESQUE PASSES.

or the St. Gothard before arriving at the Italian Lakes. If satisfied by that time that his car can climb several thousand feet without boiling, and that it can be steered round any but the narrowest of "hairpin" corners without the need for reversing, he may reasonably embark upon the Stelvio route without any misgiving whatsoever.

In the first instance he may drive along either the west or the east bank of the Lake of Como—an entrancing experience in itself—to Colico, and from there he may head the car for the Stelvio route, by way of Sondrio and Tresenda to Tirano. At Tirano the road divides—to Switzerland over the Bernina Pass, and to the Stelvio Pass, which actually begins at Bormio. From Tirano, at 1,441 ft., to Bormio, at 4,019 ft., the gradient is spread over 40 kilometres, and is practically imperceptible. Then one rises in earnest, for the ascent is one of 5,022 ft. in 22½ kilometres. There are 36 hairpin corners and five winter galleries *en route*, but even so I have done the 19 kilometres from Bormio to the Italian custom house at Santa Maria (8,153 ft.) in thirty minutes, so that the journey is not so terrible after all. The Stelvio, as a matter of fact, is crossed daily in the summer by dozens of cars, and it has now even become a motor diligence route.

On the northern side one descends to Neu Spondinig in 27½ kilometres, the fall being 6,158 ft. The magnificent Ortler is ever at close quarters on the right, and at Trafoi, half-way down, the scenery is superbly beautiful. Personally I do not mind which way I cross, as there is something to be said for either direction, but perhaps the beauty of the pass is most impressive to those who ascend from the northern side, as there is a sudden surprise view,

just before Trafoi is reached, that fairly takes one's breath away.

A practically level run to Meran leads one to the foot of the Jaufen route, the last Alpine road built before the war. It is a monument of effective road engineering, and the ease with which one rises to 6,869 ft. is astounding, over a broad, smooth highway of moderate gradient and with the nicest of curves. The pass, by the way, is now to be known as the Giovo, and Sterzing, at the northern end, has been named Vipiteno.

There one joins the Brenner route, and may firstly run up to the summit without overstepping the new frontier, or descend straightway towards Bolzano. On arrival at Fortezza, however (formerly known as Franzensfeste), it will be advisable, instead of continuing to Bolzano, to proceed eastwards to Bruneck and Toblach, and then turn southwards to Cortina over the easy Ampezzo Pass. From Cortina, Lake Misurina should be visited, and then the delightful run may be taken over the Falzarego Pass (6,913 ft.) and the Pordoi Pass (7,382 ft.). These two roads are simply perfect in surface, gradients, and the sweep of their corners, while the scenery which they unfold is typically Dolomitic.

As I have already remarked, the direct route to Bolzano is now available to cars, but the tourist who is visiting the district for the first time should by all means leave the Dolomites Road at Predazzo and ascend the Rolle Pass (6,424 ft.), and, after descending it to Fiera di Primiero, continue over the Gobera Pass (3,339 ft.) and the

Broccone (5,305 ft.) to the Val Sugana, and then drive along the flat to Trento and Bolzano. The Rolle is a dream of beauty, while the Broccone, which is almost as new as the Jaufen, is equally the last word in mountain road designing, and is highly picturesque as well.

At Bolzano the romantic Karer Pass may be made the medium of an out-and-home run, or, after crossing it, the tourist may return to Bolzano by the San Lugano Pass.

But the tale of attractions is not yet complete, for three more passes may be crossed before arriving back at the Lake of Como—namely, the Mendel (4,475 ft.), the Tonale (6,181 ft.), and the Aprica (3,875 ft.). Beautiful views are unfolded as one nears the summit of the Mendel, while near the summit of the Tonale there is a particularly striking vista of the Fresanella peaks and glaciers. And while on the Tonale route a profitable side excursion may be made to the summit of the Campiglio Pass (5,413 ft.) and back, as it has peculiar attractions of its own—notably the majestic view of the Brenta group. As for the Aprica, it may be described as "plain" on the eastern side, but provides a wonderfully expansive view on the descent to Tresenda.

Not one of these roads, save the Stelvio, presents the slightest difficulty to the driver; indeed, the average man is astounded at the ease with which these lofty roads can be surmounted. And even were the case otherwise, no one who has crossed them will deny that they open up realms of beauty which put all his expectations in the shade. And though, of course, he may choose to linger at any point, and spend even a couple of months in this veritable Paradise, the actual driving over the roads named can easily be accomplished in a single week.



A view from the Broccone Pass.



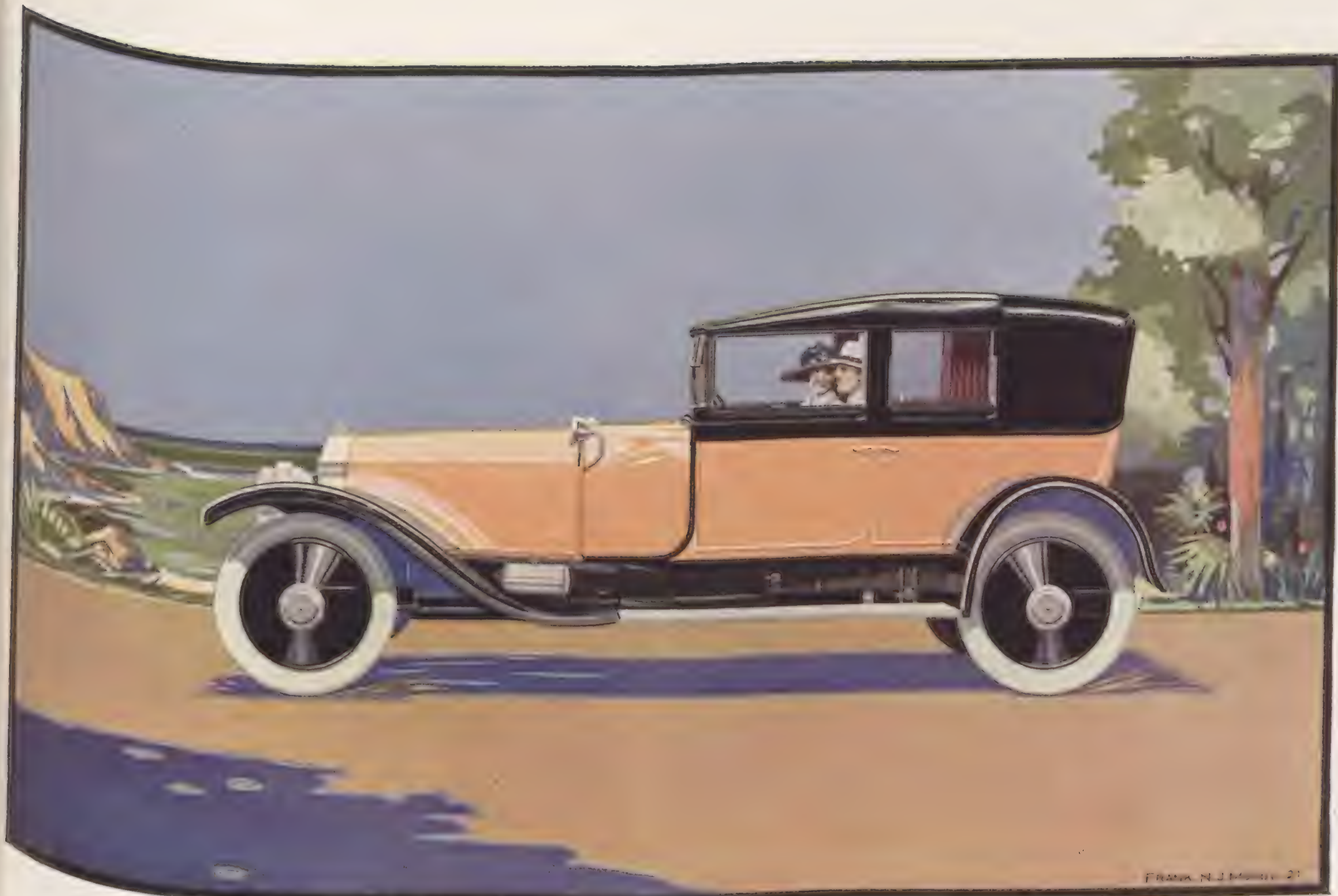
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OVER 200 YEARS OF COACHWORK

FROM 1710 to 1921 is a long span of years ; yet, from the time that Barker & Co. were founded as Coachbuilders in the reign of Queen Anne, when they built coaches and carriages for Royalty and Nobility, until to-day the name "Barker" has always been synonymous with all that is best in coach and body building.

THROUGHOUT the whole period of Messrs. Barkers' existence as Coachbuilders, the name Barker crops up in novels and letters, and is recognised as a household word amongst those who purchase only the best.

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"Well, I should like you to get a present, the finest, the most valuable that money can purchase. A brougham, Charles ; what do you think of a new brougham ? Would you like that BARKER build you a brougham ?"

In 1921 Lord Northcliffe writes :—

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"HIGHWAYS" FOR PEDESTRIANS.

TRAFFIC CONTROL IN LONDON.

A scheme combining circular vehicular progression and light steel bridges for pedestrians which seems to promise an improvement at busy city crossings.

FOR some years we have revolved in that which, for want of a better phrase, we are pleased to term our mind a plan for the circular progression of traffic at all city cross roads, circuses, and so on. Someone else, a Mr. Miller, has had the same thought, and has used it to more practical purpose. The outcome is a booklet, entitled "London Traffic," which, while dealing generally with the delays and irritations consequent upon the present system of control, propounds that theory which we had held to be peculiarly our own. This being so, what can we do but support Mr. Miller's scheme?

So far as the vehicular part of the question is concerned, the diagram reproduced at the foot of this page, which has been extracted from Mr. Miller's booklet, clearly shows the idea almost without need for words. Traffic at such a crossing as Oxford Circus would proceed in a circle. To take an extreme case, a vehicle entering from the southern end of Regent Street and wishing to proceed eastward toward Holborn would turn to the left, cross the westward end of Oxford Street, continue in the circle across the north end of Regent Street, and, on reaching eastern Oxford Street, break away from the circle and proceed on its way.

At present that same vehicle arrives at the circus when north and south traffic is being held up to let east and west-bound vehicles proceed. When the hold-up is reversed, our car edges through the other vehicles

surrounding it into the open, endeavours to turn to the right, and finds itself faced with the flow of south-bound buses, cars and so forth. Quite likely it has to wait, half across the road, until once again the north and south traffic is held up, before it can turn safely eastward into Oxford Street.

With the circular system of control there need be no hold-ups at all. The circle would be moving all the time, slowly perhaps, but with an absolutely definite and certain knowledge of what was expected of it.

The only difficulty, which we have purposely refrained from mentioning until the last, is the pedestrian traffic, and quite obviously subways would provide a simple solution. Simple, but costly, perhaps; and here Mr. Miller's suggested alternative is worthy of consideration. He proposes to bridge the four roads with light steel footways, a pair of staircases leading

up from and down to each corner pavement—eight stairways in all. These bridges would probably be cheaper to provide, and would interfere with existing arrangements less than subways, and there is the additional advantage that the new scheme could be put into force at one crossing, as an experiment, in a comparatively short space of time. Temporarily, it should be mentioned, Mr. Miller proposes to have stationary staircases, but he thinks that later on the idea might be developed on escalator lines.

We should like to see the experiment tried, for we are certain that from the motor vehicle driver's point of view (which really is that of the majority, since the passengers in motor vehicles would be just as glad to avoid delays) it would be successful. Traffic conditions are steadily and noticeably getting worse; immediately prior to the war there was a sporting chance of driving from, say, Hyde Park Corner to Piccadilly Circus without being held up at any of the numerous crossings. Now the only element of chance is in regard to the number of times one will be held up.

Something must be done; there are several methods which might be partially effective, such as the banning of slow and heavy horse-drawn vehicles from certain roads during certain hours, but in the meantime Mr. Miller's scheme seems to us to suggest a certain amount of relief at quite a number of busy London crossings.

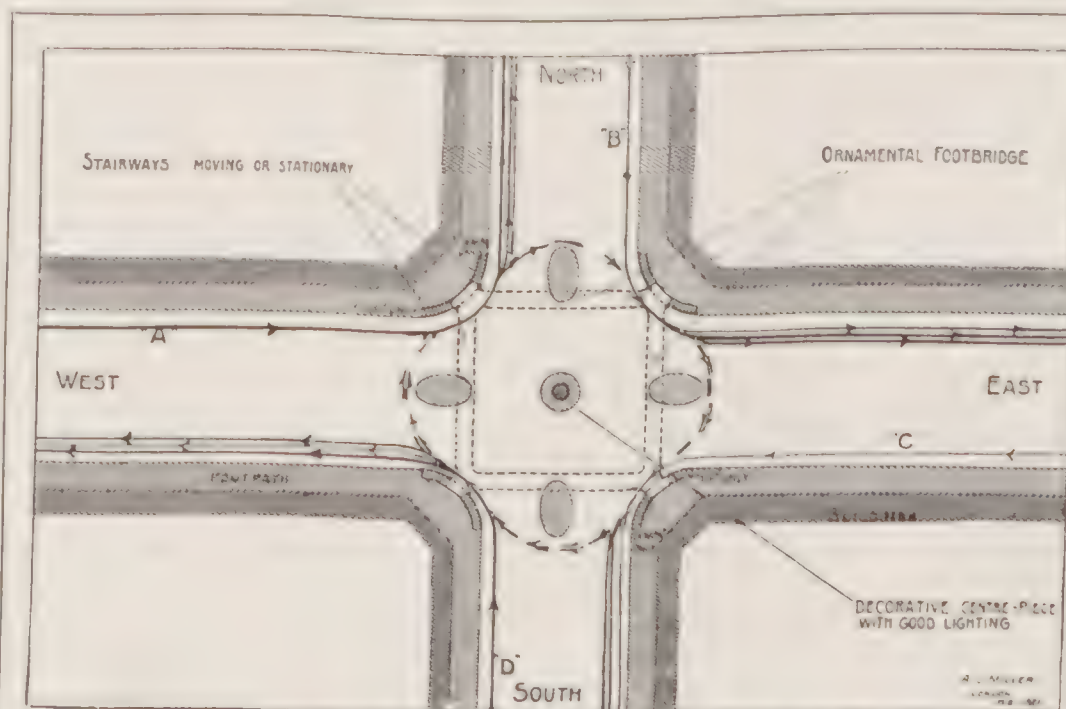


Illustration reproduced from a booklet by Mr. A. C. Miller entitled, "London Traffic." The plan, if the lines and arrows indicating the direction of traffic are followed, is self-explanatory.

..... IF THE CAR SURVIVES!

A MOTORIST IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

By W. Harold Johnson.

The Isle of Wight is not a popular resort with motorists for various reasons. The Island is small, and many people would not consider a week-end's pleasure sufficient compensation for the trouble of getting across. However, here are Mr. Johnson's views on the subject.

IT is not surprising, really, that the Isle of Wight is not a highly popular motorist resort. Only the very bravest of spirits will face the dangers and troubles of the crossing; and so it is that the charms, the attractions and the beauties of this Garden of England are known only to a privileged few of the many who drive cars. If there is any difficulty that can be placed in the way of a motorist who wants to get his car on to a boat, that is not encountered at Southampton, it would be interesting to know what that difficulty is. I believe that, owing to the good offices of the A.A., a service of tow boats has been inaugurated, or restarted, from Portsmouth to Ryde; but when I made the trip this service was so infrequent that for practical purposes the Southampton route was the only one available. By the time he has got on the boat at Southampton the owner of an ultra-cheap car begins to feel that it would have been better to have left his car behind and to buy another when he sets foot in the Island, for the various tolls and dues that he is called upon to pay mount up in a most alarming manner. The car is finally thrown on to the boat, and then pushed about the deck at the whim of a flint-hearted controller in blue; and, strangest of all, although most passengers across prefer to sit in their cars, they have to take tickets for themselves as well as for the car. Which seems rather illogical, as they take up no extra deck space.

But if the car has survived its embarkation and disembarkation, and the passengers have survived the crossing, soon after landing in the Island they begin to feel that everything has been worth the trouble.



A charming spot on the Undercliff Road.

The Isle of Wight is not—as people who do not know it are inclined to think—a flat uninteresting tract of country. It is indeed doubtful if within the same area so much variety and beauty of natural scenery can be found anywhere south of the Tweed. It is true that North Wales or the Lake District is grander, parts of Devon are prettier, but for a combination of both one must go a long way to excel this Garden of England.

Like all other places that are worth seeing at all, the Isle of Wight will pay for as long a stay as one can manage. On the other hand, it is possible to make a complete circular trip of the Island in one day, for it is but little over 60 miles, and a week-end will enable many of its most famous and also its little-known beauty spots to be explored. The road that I followed myself on a recent week-end was, I think, one of the best that could be followed by anyone whose time is at all limited.

Starting from Cowes towards Ryde, Osborne House is passed, and to anyone interested in somewhat gaudy

appointments, the state apartments are worth a visit. The house itself, with its emphatically foreign architecture, is most beautifully situated, and offers some charming vistas over gently undulating lawns and wooded country down to the Solent. At present it is used solely as a show place and as a convalescent hospital for officers of the Indian Army.

The road on to Ryde is, in my opinion, one of the dullest stretches in the Island, its monotony being enlivened brilliantly at one single point when it crosses Wootton Creek. But Wootton Creek is a place of contrasts. At high tide it is like a fragment of the

Dart, at low tide it is a muddy flat that is obviously a dumping ground for all owners of tin cans and ginger beer bottles in the district.

Ryde, with its steep streets and conventional seaside attractions, may best be negotiated and passed through as quickly as time and safety will allow. And then on to Seaview along a road which will give a few emphatic hints as to the general characteristics of the Isle of Wight highways. Although the Isle of Wight roads have on the average quite good surfaces, they are amongst the most dangerous that it has been my lot to drive along; their corners are most unexpected and most dangerously acute, and it may be taken for granted that round any corner, that was but little worse than its predecessor, there will be found stationary in the middle of the road a farm cart, a wagonette or a horse-drawn char-à-banc. The Isle of Wight *cocher* is a most interesting sort of person; you may think that you have met him before in North Wales or Devon; but the most obstinate yokel in the most remote corner of our

DANGEROUS CORNERS AND HILLS.

land is a highly intellectual and active individual when compared with the average driver of a horse-drawn vehicle in the Isle of Wight.

Although we are hurrying on to Seaview, I might make a slightly further digression to emphasise to all and sundry that the Isle of Wight is not a place to take a car of which the control is tricky and the behaviour uncertain, nor is it an ideal place in which to learn to drive. It is *in excelsis* one of those places that give a spice of danger and an added zest to motoring. Its gradients, both up and down, are amongst the most severe that I have encountered anywhere; although they are never sufficiently long to worry any respectable modern car. But they are invariably so twisty, they are invariably dotted with unexpected traffic and the most awkward of road-farers, such as lounging holiday-making pedestrians who have nowhere to go and a whole lifetime to get there, or the sleepy *cochers*, born, created and fostered solely to block up the highways. So much for the warning.

Seaview is a pretty little place, rapidly becoming spoilt by that infernal habit attached to so many places on the coast of England which demands that there must be a pier, a brass band and some pierrots, together with a blatant hotel and a few boarding houses. St. Helens, which comes next, is not so spoilt, and its shore, with the old church perilously perched on a cliff some six feet high, is a beautiful spot, right down to which one can drive in a car. Bembridge lies on the other side of St. Helens Harbour, which is really not a harbour at all, but a wide estuary of the Yar. This river Yar, incidentally, is a much bigger affair than its namesake that gives its name to Yarmouth at the opposite corner of the Island.

Between Bembridge and Sandown is Bembridge Down, an eminence crowned with a wireless station and lighthouse, that can be reached by road, and that offers a view that is more than adequate return for the climb. Culver Cliff lies practically under Bembridge Down, and shelters a delightfully secluded stretch of

shore. Sandown comes next, and this is a very pleasant little place for those whose temperament inclines them to a miniature Blackpool or Brighton.

Shanklin and Ventnor are two most charming established seaside resorts that one can imagine, but I should not like to stay long in either, for the terrific climbs up from the shore and the sheltered nature of the places

land of ours. Close on ten miles of perfect foreshore from St. Catherine's to Freshwater, there is generally not a soul in sight, and little chance of anyone else being so venturesome as to make the descent down the cliff side. We were told that the barrier at the other end of the military road was a proper gate, thoroughly padlocked, and, having no anxiety to retrace our steps for six or eight miles or so, we turned back from Chale Chine through Shorewell to Brightstone, which is given variously on different maps as Brighton and Brightstone.

Freshwater Bay, which is a different place from Freshwater, is both beautiful and imposing. Its high chalk cliffs, its placid waters that look as though they could never be anything but calm as glass, and their clearness, making the place one of permanent fascination. Freshwater Bay makes a good place to stay the night, and this is where we stayed, being off betimes next morning for Alum Bay, with its famous multi-coloured cliffs merging into the Needles Point. Thence retracing our steps for a mile or so to branch off to the

left, we came to Totland Bay, only one of the many charming beauty spots that are formed by these Isle of Wight bays. The temptation of a sail proved too strong to be resisted, and so it was that a strong current and a failing wind left us only 45 minutes from the time we touched the shore in our boat to catch the steamer at Cowes, some sixteen miles distant. As far as we could tell our flight through Yarmouth and Shalfleet did not mean our missing any particularly attractive beauty spots, for this side of the Island is the only part that is superficially uninteresting. Cowes is a horrible sort of place, which, however, has its uses, for it affords unwarranted opportunities for the display of officiousness by the officials of the Steam Boat Company, to whose tender mercies you have to hand over your car.

But really the Isle of Wight is worth the trouble: its creeks, such as Wootton and St. Helens Harbour, are things of beauty that are real joys for ever, and its uplands and dales are scenes that will never be forgotten.



The Lighthouse at St. Catherine's Point.

must make them anything but bracing. Shanklin old village is a very close counterpart to Cockington, just behind Torquay, but the thatched cottages of Shanklin seem almost an anachronism, for the modern char-à-bancs habitually overshadow them.

Along the famous Undercliff Road there is good going as far as St. Catherine's Point, where a venturesome driver will find twisty lanes that will lead him right down to the shore. Here the water is a most beautiful blue, almost Mediterranean in tint, but it has an attraction that the Mediterranean is inclined to lack, in that it is remarkably clear.

From St. Catherine's Point there is a road that runs right along the coast to Freshwater Bay, but, though no one seems to know why, the road is called a military road, and as often as not is closed to traffic. But our little G.N. slipped under the barrier that closed the road quite easily, and so we came to Chale, at the bottom of the cliffs of which is surely the most beautiful beach to be found in this

THE WOLSELEY TEN.

The Stellite car, of which the new Wolseley Ten is an improved edition, has already justified its existence and attained to considerable popularity. Those who were fond of the older model should take the first opportunity of trying the Ten. They will be pleased, as we were.

IN view of the very distinct modern tendency towards the truly light car with a comparatively diminutive engine, the Wolseley Ten is remarkably interesting. It is produced by a firm which understands the art of motor car making as many other concerns cannot hope to do, even when they have been in business for the same number of years, for the Wolseley people gained experience in the old days which was invaluable then and which is still effective. One sees new cars produced in which the "old hand" will detect mistakes of design that were made and corrected by such firms as Wolseleys nearly twenty years ago. This is not to say that no car is a good car unless it is made by a firm with twenty years of past experience; far from it, indeed. At the same time, one sometimes thinks that a new firm might with much advantage have studied more closely not only requirements but other peoples' methods of manufacture before launching their own vehicle on the market. However, in the case of the Wolseley Ten, this is not a new car made by a new firm, but a well-known and very popular little vehicle modernised and improved by a firm of unassailable reputation. Its name is a valuable guarantee of performance, and its performance justifies the guarantee of its name. The car comes very near to our ideal for a light two-seater; different people have different ideas—a Wolseley Twenty doubtless makes a very nice two-seater also. But the Ten has to be considered in relation to the needs of the com-

paratively poor man who wants a motor vehicle of some sort so badly that he is even prepared to economise in some other direction in order to obtain—and maintain—one. There are cheaper cars, true, but taking into consideration every factor in the case, there certainly is no car on the market where x in the following formula:—

$$\frac{\text{Desirability}}{\text{Price}} =$$

has a more favourable value. It is not the least expensive car on the market so far as first cost is concerned, but after all the capital sum required to secure possession is comparatively small, and the subsequent upkeep charges are in keeping. Petrol, for instance (or, rather, half-and-half benzol and petrol) is an almost negligible item, and the lightness of the car and the smooth running

of the engine should enable one to put up a record for tyre economy. And one knows certainly in advance that the repair bill will be small—that there will be few days of the 365 of the year when the car will not be ready for service. One knows this as a fact because the car is a Wolseley; but a trial run is necessary to convince one of the real excellence of the little car. It is thoroughly sound in every respect mechanically, and is one of the simplest cars to drive that we have yet encountered. The engine is unusually lively and even powerful, considering the small dimensions of its cylinders, and it may be treated as a top-speed car to a great extent. If proper use be made of the gearbox, however, either in traffic or in hilly country, the results so far as the maintenance of a good average speed will probably prove surprising. We did not inquire into the respective ratios of top and second speed, but it struck us that the relations of the two were excellently judged. The process of changing also, either up or down, is child's-play—in fact, there is no difficulty or trickiness in any of the operations connected with the driving of the car.

So far as appearance is concerned the Wolseley Ten does not stand out among its fellows quite so noticeably, perhaps, as did the old Stellite, for there has been a very marked improvement among small cars. The car with which we are dealing, however, has most pleasing lines and a nice sense of balance throughout. Its littleness, on this account, is not apparent.



There is no need to fear the worst of gradients on the Wolseley Ten.

*The
Proved Best*

THE NAPIER SIX CYLINDER

TOURING MOTOR CARRIAGE



A Really Up-to-date Design

TO maintain the present high standard of excellence and efficiency—the same high grade materials and superior workmanship; to keep its exclusiveness and embody improvements as and when they have been thoroughly tried and proved—the 40/50 h.p. Six Cylinder Napier chassis price remains at

£2,100

"The 40/50 h.p. Napier possesses a prestige and dignity of its own which make it very distinctive and very desirable to those motorists who, each to his taste, will have what he considers to be the best car on the market. It is not for nothing that an enthusiast styled it the aeroplane of the world."

The Motor, 27/7/21.

Full particulars on application

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.,

14 New Burlington Street, W.1

Works : Acton, London, W.3



PAIGE

THE CAR WITH 100 HILL CLIMBING RECORDS

On June 21st the Paige won the World's Standard Chassis record for speed by travelling at the rate of 102.8 miles per hour

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR OF AMERICA

The Paige can now be paid for by easy instalments. A brand new car will be supplied on first payment of £200, and if desired we will take your old car in exchange.

The Paige not only looks but acts the thoroughbred. Under the bonnet there is a marvellously efficient 6-cylinder motor with wonderful acceleration. This means giant energy for hills and every test of the highway. Last but not least, the Paige is a rigid economist. It exacts every atom of power from a gallon of petrol and turns up surprising mileage on a set of tyres. It is a thrift car with a keen sporting personality—a very hard combination to find.

Call for
a real
trial run

£200, FIRST PAYMENT GETS YOU A BRAND NEW PAIGE

PAIGE-GLENBROOK, 20-25 h.p., 6-cyl. Touring Car, reduced from	£795 to	£650
PAIGE, 25-30 h.p., 6-cyl., 7 passenger Touring Car, reduced from	£1,050 to	£925

SALOON, English-built, reduced from £1,550 to £1,250

Full Electrical Equipment

Write for
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(Phone—Mayfair 6645)

119 MOUNT STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1
Service Station and Spare Part Dept., 111 GROSVENOR ROAD, S.W.

"Dunlop Magnum
for Long Mileage"



BARIMAR

METALURGISTS ENGINEERS FOUNDERS METAL WORKERS
10, POLAND ST. OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.1.

3rd August 1921.

Messrs. The Dunlop Rubber Co Ltd,
14 Regent Street,
S.W.

Dear Sirs,

I have just completed a tour of 5000 miles over
all kinds of roads - good, fairly good, and very bad.

My car - 11-4 h.p. Humber Coupe - was specially
fitted with DUNLOP MAGNUM tyres, and as no tyre trouble was
experienced during the entire tour, it will be seen that my
choice was rewarded.

In spite of intense heat and rough roads, the tyres
show very little signs of their rough journey. They
might be sold now as "shop-soiled", as they are
soiled than actually worn.

I really believe that MAGNUM tyres are un-
surpassed, and I do know that they prevent skidding.

To ride comfortably on these wonderfully resilient
tyres, free from trouble under all conditions, adds considerably to
the pleasures of a long journey.

Yours faithfully,
BARIMAR LTD.
W. B. Barimar
Managing Director.

WELDING WORK

DUNLOP TYRES OF THE MAGNUM TYPE

are obtainable from all motor dealers

IN 18 BEAUTIFUL SHADES

Navy Blue	Reseda	Wine
Light Navy	Lilac	Black
Saxe Blue	Purple	Grey
Shell Pink	Nigger Brown	
Old Rose	Tabac Brown	
Rust Red	Daffodil Yellow	
Geranium Red	Old Gold	
Grass Green		



Comin' thro' the Dye!

MANY thousands of women are using Twink with every satisfaction. A great variety of dainty and charming effects is produced by this wonderful preparation on all kinds of dress materials and home furnishings.

TWINK restores the most faded fabrics, and white materials will come through the dye transformed with complete success into any of its 18 beautiful shades.

PRICE 7½^D. PER PACKET

Of all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

LEVER BROS. LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT.



Twink

CLEANS AND DYES
AT THE SAME TIME

PITY THE POOR NOVICE WHO IS COLOUR BLIND!

A SCHEME TO BRIGHTEN GOLF.

The Systematisation of Masculine Adornments!

(By an ex-Service Systematologist.)

THERE goes another of them," said Biggs, in a tone of disgust.

"Another of what?" I asked, for I had seen nothing unusual. We had been lingering over the forenoon coffee and were at peace with the world until Biggs's remark suggested that somebody or someone had upset him.

"Another of these confounded fellows with red tabs at the knees of his 'plus fours,'" he replied, with more disgust than before.

"Well, why shouldn't he?" said I. "There's nothing criminal in it. Most fellows with 'plus fours' wear tabs at the knees. It adds a touch of colour to an otherwise dull exterior. It shows the possession of a sense of artistic feeling. What's the matter with it?"

"Oh, I don't mind them wearing tabs," said Biggs. "What gets me is their lack of system in wearing them. It's the uselessness of it that I don't like."

"But it's not meant to be useful," I protested.

"Why shouldn't it?" he returned. "Everything ought to have a reason and a use, and tabs ought to be no exception. I've worked out a first-rate system for golfers' tabs, and I'd put it forward if I knew anybody on the Committee of the Ancient and Modern."

"The what? Oh, I see what you mean. Well, let me hear the scheme. Waitress, two more coffees, please."

"It's like this," said Biggs. "You remember the different coloured tabs that staff officers used to wear during the war. There was red for the General Staff, green for Intelligence, blue for the Medicals, and black for Chaplains. Why shouldn't we apply that system to golf. Make it so that you could tell a man's capacity by the colours of his tabs. As it is just now, a man can wear 'plus fours' and have a handicap of minus 25. He can swank as if he can really play. Suppose, however, you made it a rule that a man must qualify before he wore the clothes. Then you would know that he was actually a plus four

man as soon as you saw him. After that you would start with tabs. A man with a handicap of plus five would wear red tabs at his knees, green tabs if it were plus six, blue for plus seven, yellow for plus eight, and so on. You could tell form at a glance."

"It's an excellent scheme," I said.

"But there are objections."

"There would be," said Biggs. "Let's hear them."

"The main one is that you would soon use up all the available colours. There's only about seven that are really distinct, and you couldn't drag in fine shades like elephant grey and damson pink, as you might if the fellows were women. What would you do with a man whose handicap was plus twenty?"

"If that's all that's worrying you," said he, "it's easily settled. There aren't many golfers as good as that, but you could give them tabs of Allie's Victory ribbon. There must be heaps of it on the market, and that would help to use it up. Any other objection?"

"No," I said, for I realised that it was a waste of time to oppose Biggs when he was full of a new idea. "I might think of some others, but, instead, I'll just pay for the coffees."



Algie meets a Yellow Tab man.

THE GAUDY DAYS OF SEPTEMBER.

By C. S. Brooke.

An Appreciation of a Month which the Poets have neglected.

SEPTEMBER, when its luck is in, is one of the gaudiest months of all the twelve, and since its luck is more, not less, reliable than the luck of the loudest-mouthed tipster, one may wonder that our English poets have made so few guineas out of the month. It is not as though they are or were—here one would interject that there is a wide difference between poets and mere poeticules or poetasters—not, one repeats, that our poets are, or ever were, nimirinny-pinnimmy fellows. They are, and the majority of them were, just as keen lovers of field and hedgerow, loch and moor, green lane and brown road, the sun on high and the wind on the heath, and all that sort of thing, don't you know, as you and I and all the other fellows who, despite a hard—how confoundedly hard!—grounding in the Latin grammar, contrive to muddle along—make butter for our bread, whiskey for our water, and so forth and so on—on penny-plain thoughts expressed in equally ordinary prose. What then? Well, to begin with, some of them, the poet chaps, unlike our benevolent old friend Izaak Walton, never cast a fly or played a two-pounder to a safe landing. Nor did many of them, one may suspect, ever shoot driven grouse, or set a partridge "towering," or get up at four o'clock in the morning in order to give the Master a hand in the cubbing, or bring down a "rocket" with the thud that betokens a clean shot, or experience the profound joy of being in at the kill at the end

of a fast forty minutes. Bless us, no! Else they, the poet johnnies, had given us more in this strain:

"Of all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to beat the stubble fields
Quite early in September.
A brace of pointers staunch and true,
A gun that kills whate'er I view,
I care not whether . . ."

. . . . What's that; you deem my poet somewhat bloodthirsty? Tush, tush, sir! You take my friend too literally. He, although only a sporting poet, is not less entitled to his rope than your Highbrows to their licence. Be fair to my friend. How, in heaven's name, could he put it all in—whate'er I view in fur and feather, except the pheasant, whose close season does not end till September's out—all that long explanation without messing up his metre?

I protest, sir, and at that take the liberty to continue:—

"If hares I want for friends in town,
I can tell where to knock them down
Within the furze-bush cover.
A leash I bag, then homeward go,
My spirits all in joyous flow,
And more delight, I'm sure I know,
Than doth a beauty's lover."

Thank you, sir! I had an idea that that time you'd hear me out; that the touch "for friends in town" might fetch you to reason. And as to the pheasant shooting season, listen to this:—

"In wintry woods, when leaves are dead,
And hedges beam with berries red,
The pheasant is my spoil,"

and own up to it that you were over-precipitate. "Agreed!" did you say?

That's all very well for you, but let me tell you that your dam—that is to say, wretched interruption has thrown me off the scent. It is pretty clear, sir, that I shall have to cast back, and such a proceeding—if one may be allowed the bull—is as vexatious to a writing chap as to young hounds, over-fresh horses, and any "tailors" so ill-starred as to be mounted on such horses.

The joy the poets derived, and continue to derive to this very Georgian day, from the woods and streams, the purple hills and the golden valleys, the blue of high heaven and the green of the water-meadows was, and is, rather an aesthetic joy than a sporting. It



In Richmond Park.

THE OVERLAPPING OF SEPTEMBER.

might, therefore, at any rate at the first blush, seem unreasonable to expect the poets to mount each his Pegasus and give it its head—let it cavort, or extend itself in a hand gallop, according as its humour might prompt—in honour of September. For September is, indisputably, a great sporting month. The first tolls of the grouse are taken in August. The veriest tyro in Fleet Street is cocksure of that, although he may have a doubt, if the truth were known, whether they are taken by means of the gun or a rifle. Moreover, so lustily have Penny-alinus and his kidney advertised the "glorious twelfth" each successive year that even the man in the street, not usually up in dates, has that one pat.

But the shooting of grouse, however strongly it is associated in the popular mind with August, no more gives out with that rather trying month than does the bloom on the heather. As the blue bell, too—you may have it the

campanula rotundifolia if you're given to that sort of thing—continues to nod in the breeze in September, so does the peremptory exhortation, "Go back, go back, go back!" of the grouse continue to be heard in the land long after Fleet Street has forgotten the saint's existence. The first tolls are not the last, by a long chalk, and much less does the lustre wear off the saint's halo because on the first day of September it is given to lucky men to change their quarters from the shooting box somewhere north of Trent or in Wales to the ancestral home in Norfolk, that county, *par excellence*, of the partridge, or, as our young friend Penny-alinus still terms it, "the little brown bird."

It is, to an extent, because of the overlapping of grouse shooting and partridge that September is such a gaudy month. Yet only to "an extent." One may leave aside the vexed question whether the grouse, with its astounding speed, or the partridge, ever so tricky in its flight, is the

more sporting bird, not because it is a vexed question so much as because it is likely to remain so until Convention has got us into such a grip that there will no longer be room for two opinions on anything under the sun. Besides, one is minded to explore those other "extents." The land of the grouse is more a matter of latitude than the land of the partridge. Latitude retains its time-honoured degrees on paper, but their wonted effect is discounted by ever so much by the car. It is not only that the car is a glutton for miles, for leagues, indeed—the swagger express train, too, is greedy of distance—but also that it is not averse from the fastnesses, for all many of the ways to the fastnesses are somewhat rough on tyres and uncommonly heavy as to gradients. All the same, the partridge, even though not every shooting man's ancestral home is in Norfolk, is more successful than the grouse in ministering to the greatest good of the greatest number. Again, it is not in



Harvesting has been early this year, but there may be a little left for "Gaudy September."

POETS AT VARIANCE.

the partridge's disfavour that it has the makings of a very succulent pudding, or that roasted on a spit before a slow fire, whether in the Greek way or our own, the partridge is only a little less toothsome than roast woodcock. You may also find—one mentions it incidentally—escabescia of partridge, a Spanish dish, wholly acceptable, supposing the garlic has been used sparingly—unless it is your grave misfortune to be a vegetarian.

One could, if one were to be permitted, enlarge on the succulence of the partridge, and write, too, a short essay on the art of bringing both it and the grouse properly to the table. But the editor's order is for an article on September, and so, with the science of gastronomy as applied to the partridge and the grouse intriguing to a degree, one had better cut the pudding, the roast, and the braised forthwith, lest one fall, and take up again the tale of those "other extents." September, then, is gaudy in a sporting sense because it is an overlapping month. The days for the stubble fields and the turnip are in, but the days for the rod and the river or loch are not yet departed. As often-times "Winter lingering chills the lap of May," so, reversely, in September summer seems loth to bow in autumn. The month, as a betwixt-and-between, is at once tenacious, as in the matter of the rod, and a great giver, as instance not the partridge alone but also a variety of fruits, among them damsons for pickling, hops for pale ale, and the "full-juiced" apple for cider light and cider heavy, not to say pie. Mr. Austin Dobson, though he does not mention either the ale or the cider, nor yet the wholesome pie, is sound on this aspect of the month:—

"Laden deep with fruity cluster,
Then September, ripe and
hale;
Bees about his basket fluster—
Laden deep with fruity
cluster.
Skies have now a softer
lustre;
Barns resound to flap of
flail."

And so, you must admit, was Keats, for all he was a town bird, with his:—

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close-bosomed friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and
bless
With fruit the vines that round
the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd
cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to
the core."

And both Mr. Austin Dobson and Keats, the one with his penultimate line and the other with the two opening lines, give me a lift towards the end of this my September excursion. The "softer lustre," the "maturing sun"—surely these terms, you may argue, are at variance with one another. Well, what then? Why, that I, with my penny-plain thoughts—I, on my old shanks, or (if you are for a meta-

phor) in my very much pre-war Ford—am well up, for one brief but giddy spell, with two poets, each on his Pegasus, or (supposing the metaphor is to hold) the one in his Daimler and the other his Rolls-Royce. Have I not said that September is an overlapping month? And is it not the fact, plain enough for all men to recognise, that the betwixt-and-betweenness is so strongly marked as fully to justify the variance between our two poets? Consider the early forenoon of a September day—the hedgerows, berried and spangled, the grasses, sparkling like diamonds, and the mist, a trifle chill—and you may ask yourself "Is not this autumn?" By eventide a wind perhaps has been unleashed—a wind that, waxing, brings at each gust a shower of leaves, some, as the beech, reddened, and others yellowed, as elm and lime and birch. The wind may have a nip to it, and the showers be heavy enough to induce the cheering thought that the underwoods will be bared in good time for the pheasant shooting, or, are you a Nimrod, that there will be no "blind" hedgerows come that red-letter day, the day of the opening meet. Meanwhile, by high noonday, and onward up to tea-time, had the sun been much less scorching, if any, than the sun of mid-summer?

Rod and gun apart, and also apart the promise of the covert-side and the longer promise of the zestful chase, one may deem September days gaudy to a degree. They are golden days and blue, cornucopian, too; and so, what with the brave apparel and the groaning board, are marked by the gods as very proper days for festivals. Wherefore the greater the wonder that the poets are content to leave their lyres hanging on the nails. Wherefore, too, let us, such of us as cannot go a-fishing or a-shooting, make festival on the open road by the light of day, and in the evening, when the lamps are aglow, at one of the sort of inns that is so good to read about, so hard but, one ventures to suggest, not impossible to find.



An autumn view from "Wordsworth's Seat," Rydal Water.

SUNBEAM



"THE TIMES" says—

"The new 24 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam comes of blue-blood stock, and it well sustains its family traditions. I had only to go a few yards, with a change into second speed, before saying to myself—'Here is a well-bred car,' and settling into the seat, I prepared to enjoy the 70 mile run. . . . This chassis is quiet and well-balanced in running, the acceleration power rapid yet smooth, and high speed in relation to engine dimensions (the bore and stroke is 80 by 150 mm.) is obtainable. . . . Where, however, the makers are, in my opinion, to be congratulated, is in regard to the impression which their production imparts, namely, that the driver has at his command the assets of a big powerful car in the way of acceleration, speed, and so forth, yet is without that tiresome feeling—especially fatiguing on long journeys or when touring—of strained attention, generally attendant on the driving of a large car. . . . is one which without doubt will add considerably to the owner-driver's joy of the road and at the same time detract appreciably from the normal expenses of running a really large car."

March 12th, 1921

REVISION OF PRICES

The Sunbeam Motor Car Co. Ltd. announce that the prices of their cars have now been revised in accordance with the following list :

MODEL	REVISED PRICES
16 h.p. Chassis	£800
16 h.p. 4-seater Semi-Sporting Model	£990
16 h.p. 5-seater Touring Model	£990
16 h.p. Landaulette	£1350
16 h.p. Saloon	£1375
24 h.p. Chassis (short wheel base)	£1100
24 h.p. Chassis (long wheel base)	£1125
24 h.p. 4-seater Semi-Sporting Model	£1350
24 h.p. 5-seater Touring Model	£1350
24 h.p. Landaulette	£1675
24 h.p. Saloon	£1775

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON
 LONDON SHOWROOMS - - - 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., W.1
 MANCHESTER SHOWROOMS - - - 106 DEANS GATE
 Southern Service and Repair Works - - - 177 The Vale, Acton, London, W.3
 EXPORT DEPARTMENT - 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., LONDON, W.1
SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES 100-900 h.p.

POETS AT VARIANCE.

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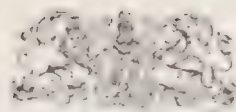
REVISION OF PRICES

The Sunbeam Motor Car Co. Ltd. announce that the prices of their cars have now been revised in accordance with the following list:

MODEL	REVISED PRICES
16 h.p. Chassis	£800
16 h.p. 4-seater Semi-Sporting Model	£990
16 h.p. 5-seater Touring Model	£990
16 h.p. Landaulette	£1350
16 h.p. Saloon	£1375
24 h.p. Chassis (short wheel base)	£1100
24 h.p. Chassis (long wheel base)	£1125
24 h.p. 4-seater Semi-Sporting Model	£1350
24 h.p. 5-seater Touring Model	£1350
24 h.p. Landaulette	£1675
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AN OUTSTANDING LIGHT CAR.

THE 10 H.P. CHARRON-LAYCOCK.

The Charron-Laycock is a light car which is both delightful to drive at ordinary touring speeds—say in the neighbourhood of thirty—and is capable of putting up a sporting performance in the region of fifty.

IT is unfair to consider a car with a 63 mm. bore four-cylinder engine as anything but a two-seater. If there be a dickey seat, this must be regarded as for emergency use only—and yet in our trial of the Charron-Laycock we carried three adult passengers besides the driver for the greater part of the time, and the point that impressed us most of all was that the additional weight had no appreciable effect upon the running either at speed on the level or on the variety of gradients to be found between London and Portsmouth.

So far as maximum speed was concerned—although we should not normally make very heavy demands upon an engine of that calibre—we were somewhat astonished to find that the indicator needle showed a persistent tendency to approach the fifty mark—and, being thus tempted, we fell. With little effort or coaxing, even with a heavy load, that needle hung on to fifty, and at times crept considerably past it. But we prefer to talk of the general characteristics of the car rather than of its sporting proclivities, although it can be imagined that considerable opportunities for sport presented themselves on the Portsmouth Road on a Sunday with an apparently small car which was nevertheless capable of high speed. We saw an

expression of astonishment o'erspread the faces of the passengers in much larger cars that we passed on the way.

We have given evidence that, mechanically, four passengers are well within the capabilities of the Charron-Laycock; usually, however, the occupants of a dickey do not have an altogether enviable time on a long run. But we were assured on this occasion that the seat was admirably comfortable, for, in spite of its position over the back axle, not only were the springs of the car remarkably good, but the upholstery and springs of the dickey seat itself were quite as good as those of the driving seat—an unusual refinement on a small car.

As a matter of fact the claim that by securing the co-operation of a firm of carriage builders "of world-wide repute," the Charron-Laycock people have ensured for their chassis bodies of first-class design, construction and finish is amply justified. It used to be rather a drawback in connection

with light cars that the bodywork was often of quite inferior quality, but up-to-date manufacturers, and the Charron-Laycock firm in particular, realise that any old thing is not good enough. The light car has a very definite position in the automobile world, and fulfils a definite function. "Light" is not necessarily synonymous with "cheap"; a light-car owner wants workmanship and material to be at least equal to that of the big car. From one point of view, indeed, the small car needs to be even better made than a bigger vehicle, for the smaller the car the greater, proportionately, will be the demands upon it. A twenty horsepower car will travel at fifty miles an hour; will the owner of a "ten" be content never to exceed (for the sake of argument) twenty-five? He also will run at fifty if his car will do it, and the strain on the lighter parts of the smaller car must be disproportionately great.

We are content to believe that this point has been borne in mind in the design of the Charron-Laycock chassis; but we were particularly pleased to find that the coachwork, which is of a type and class not usually associated with a ten horsepower car even to-day, appeared likely to survive a good deal of the kind of rough usage which we gave it.



Mrs. Rosita Forbes in her new Charron-Laycock coupé.

ETIQUETTE FOR SEASIDE MOTORISTS.

By Captain P. A. Barron.

Captain Barron lays down a few rules, for our future guidance, based upon his recent observations of the behaviour of motorists—some motorists, that is—at popular holiday resorts. He may have missed a few important points, but we do not think it.

AMONG the best motoring people there seem to be doubts regarding the code of etiquette that should be observed at seaside and other holiday resorts.

A few old-fashioned folk think that the ordinary rules of courtesy apply to all occasions, but this is not the view of such leaders of society as Mr. Tin and his wife, Lizzy. They think that ordinary good manners would make them conspicuous at the seaside, and cause them to sink in popular estimation to the level of the non-profiteering classes.

During the last few weeks I have been studying the manners that maketh the holiday motorist, and I propose to embody the results of my observations in the following concise guide to ye art of courtesie.

1. When you arrive at the seaside, remove the silencer from your car, and in its place fit a megaphone. Test its efficiency by matching it against the band on the promenade. If the megaphone can drown the horrible noise of the orchestra, you may regard it as up to the seaside standard; but if it is possible to hear the cornet, trombone, euphonium, bassoon, or other weapons used by the band, your megaphoned exhaust is unsatisfactory, and you should experiment with electric horns, sirens, whistles, fog signals or maroons.

Remember the rule that the smaller the car the noisier it should be. Almost any cycle-car can beat the band without special tuning, and some can be heard at a distance of almost as many miles as can a motor-cycle. Study these machines.

Good effects can be obtained by exhaust pipes of large diameter—say, about the size of a factory chim-

ney or the funnel of a Cunard liner. These are most effective when some of the cylinders misfire, as the unburnt gases explode in the chimney or funnel with such magnificent reports that your progress along the sea-front sounds like a battle. The detonations keep the invalids amused.

2. Always keep your engine flooded with oil. Try to make a smoke screen that will shelter visitors from the injurious rays of the sun. Remember that the poisonous exhaust gases kill the microbes in the ozone; so you may help to keep up the reputation of the place as a health resort.

3. Wear suitable attire. Dirty flannels and soiled tennis shoes are correct at the seaside, and they can be made to prove that you do your own running repairs. Hats and socks should not be worn, but goggles are essential. Always look travel-stained if you desire to impress the natives. If you can overcome your repugnance to bathing in the sea, which Mr. H. G. Wells describes so aptly as "a

weak solution of drowned sailors," hang your bathing costume over the radiator to dry. Jazz pattern costumes are the fashion this year, and the pattern should be heard above the note of your exhaust.

4. Inspect all cars that belong to other visitors, and make audible comments, such as: "Gee! there's a prehistoric bus!" "Some dud, what?" or "What price the baked-potato barrow?" Other motorists like their cars to be noticed, and your sallies will be greeted with smiles.

5. Do not leave the sea-front. You can travel one hundred miles a day by driving backwards and forwards at speed. Pause occasionally to allow your smoke to clear, so that you will not have to pass through the poison-gas zone which you have produced for the benefit of visitors.

6. Make the acquaintance of other motorists who move in the same social orbit. The best times for forming friendships are between 12 o'clock and 2.30, or 6 and 10 p.m. With these folk you can discuss your offensives. Combined action is desirable.

Between 2.30 and 3 o'clock—a convenient time for you, as other attractions have closed—the polite world will assemble on the promenade, sea-front, esplanade, Leas or Hoe to listen to the band. There will be long rows of deck chairs, used only by the élite, as the charge is threepence, owing to the recent coal strike, and will be fourpence if the engineers come out.

In these chairs will be hundreds of somnolent old ladies and gentlemen. They are taking their annual nerve cure, and are expecting to be lulled to sleep by the soft braying of the orchestra. Among them will be pretty girls in white



It will please their menfolk and parents to see their fiancées or daughters arouse your admiration.

A LESSON IN STRATEGY.

and young men in absurdly clean flannels. Fops! As you look at the manly dirt on your own clothes and hands you feel ashamed to think that these flannelled fools are also British. You will teach them to respect their betters, or, as you phrase it in the polite language of your own world, "You'll learn 'em."

While the band, resplendent in their scarlet folly and golden guilt, are clearing the jets of their cornets, running in the pistons of their trombones, and adjusting the band brake on the drum, you will make your preparations on cars, cycle-cars, side-cars, tri-cars and try-again-cars, will form four deep as near as possible to the line of deck chairs.

It is probable that you will find absurdly well-polished cars there already. Some of them may have chauffeurs in livery and crests on the doors, and may be inhabited by quiet folk who have no unions, and, therefore, no rights. It is to be expected that these cars will move away as you approach, for some motorists have no idea of sport.

Now for a time you must be patient. All engines must be stopped, for, according to seaside etiquette, no noise of any sort should be made except when the band is playing. For a while there should be perfect peace in order that the old ladies and gentlemen in the deck chairs may slumber, and the young men and maidens enjoy the view.

The band conductor will raise his baton, and a hush will be almost audible. The first selection may not be suitable for the introduction of your variations. You can obtain the best effect by waiting for some slumberous music, such as "Softly Awakes my Heart" or "Gentle Flowers of the Dew."

If you have laid your plans well, you will have appointed a leader or conductor who has a very powerful electric horn. If so, you will await his signal. When he gives a short warning blast you will grasp the starting handle of your car and remain at tense attention.

If your leader is an artist, he will wait until the band is weaving its melodious way through one of the softer passages. Then he will sound the three long blasts that tell you that he expects every motorist to do his duty. The signal should be followed by a devastating roar as every unsilenced engine backfires a few times and then makes two thousand ear-destroying explosions per minute.

If the attack has been well timed, the band will stop, and the slumberers will leap from their deck chairs under the impression that war has been declared again and there is another air raid. Through the clouds of smoke belched from exhaust pipes you will see the maidens in white peering at you with admiration—at least, their eyes seem to gleam with excitement. Etiquette demands that you should smile at them and beckon invitations to joy rides. It will please their men-folk and parents to see their *fiancées* or daughters arouse your admiration.

If the band remains in a paralysed condition, crash in your gears and have a short sprint handicap down the sea-front. Perhaps by the time you return the orchestra may have begun to play again, so you may repeat your joke.

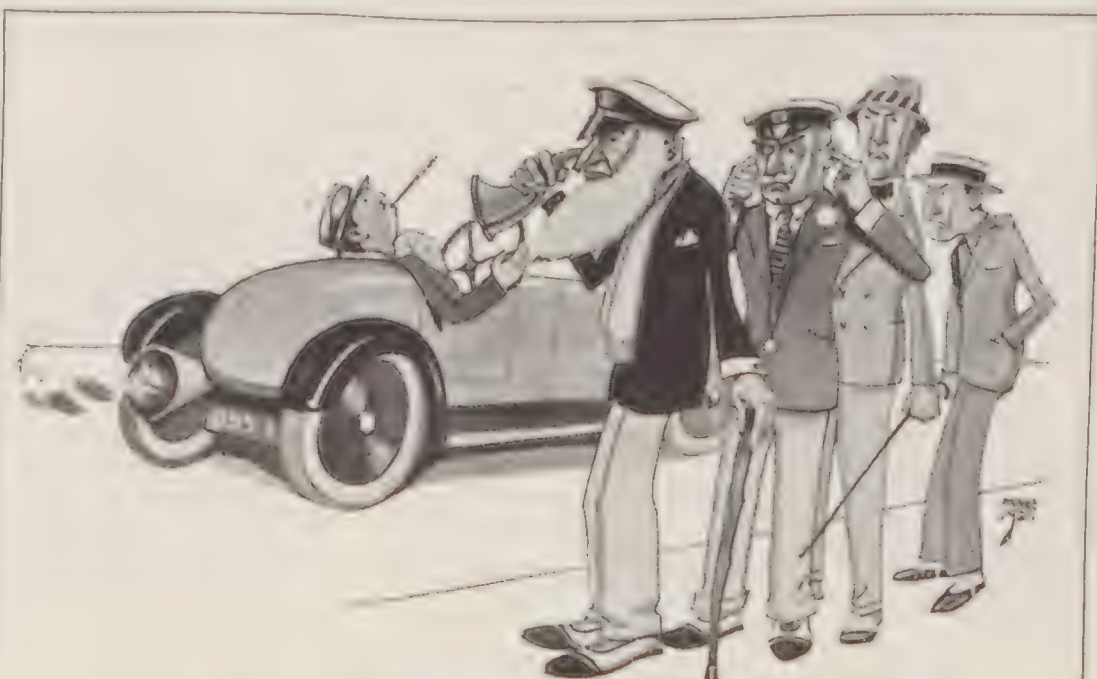
It is splendid sport, and can be enjoyed morning, afternoon and evening, whenever the band plays. After a week or two you will find that some of the visitors become quite excited when they see you coming and will wave their fists and parasols at you in friendly greeting.

If you do not own a car, you can take your place in this smart motoring society by booking all the seats of a char-à-banc and inviting your friends. You should provide them with tin trumpets, rattles, balloons and streamers before you make your way into the smoke fog round the band stand. Some chars-à-bancs can make more noise and smoke than private cars specially tuned for seaside use, and that is why they are called "Chitty-char-à-banc-bangs."

7. Never change your motoring attire while you are at the seaside. The proprietors of the smartest hotels like it to be known that they are patronised by motorists; so you should appear at dinner in dusty clothes and a greasy leather waistcoat.

If all your motoring is done in chars-à-bancs, always wear goggles. They give you a sporting appearance when you are in the hotel lounge or are taking an after-dinner stroll on the promenade, and they are very becoming when worn on an imitation Panama or straw hat.

I may have missed some of the more subtle rules of seaside etiquette, and it is doubtful if I shall have the opportunity of studying them as I have decided to spend my holidays abroad this summer. I believe that a number of other motorists have made a similar decision. We love our species, but, as the poet says, there are times when we would be alone.



When you arrive at the seaside, remove the silencer from your car, and in its place fit a megaphone.

SOME CAMERA STUDIES—

The dog makes an admirable foil in a photograph, as certain ladies appear to



Photos. by Miss Compton Collier.

*Miss Nellie Briercliffe (left) favours
a medium-sized dog ;*

*Miss Gladys Cooper's tastes (centre)
run to something larger ;*

*And Miss Violet Lorraine is content
with dignity in a small parcel.*

— O F S T A G E F A V O U R I T E S .

appreciate ; with a canine assistant less elaboration of pose appears to be necessary.



[Photos. by Miss Compton Collier.]

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt offers a demure welcome on the left ; and on the right gives an impression of either Sidney Carton or Portia.

Miss Hilda Bayley looks delightful as herself in the centre.

AN AUTUMN TOUR IN FRANCE.

The ordinary route across France to the Riviera, while interesting enough the first time it is taken, is somewhat hackneyed. The writer suggests an alternative which he followed recently.

IT may seem rather strange to suggest France as an early autumn touring ground during a summer when even in our own land the temperature has reached almost unbearable heights. It may seem strange to attempt to call to the notice of those likely to tour abroad the attractions of a land which will have been inundated by British motorists by reason of the Grand Prix Race—or farce—at Le Mans. Strangest of all it may appear that one should advocate touring in a land where the Government does its very best to exclude the visiting motorist. The present French import duty of 50 per cent. on the value of imported cars is killing the imported car industry, for which, perhaps, there is some excuse, but it is doing more in providing a powerful check on the tourist who would be willing to spend much money in a country where, we are told, money is badly needed. The withdrawal of the banker's guarantee facilities by our motoring bodies for members who wish to tour abroad means that the traveller has to find three-fifths of the value of his car and deposit it in hard cash before he can embark for France. The reception that is given to him on landing after he has been through formalities only comparable with the filling up of an income tax form is generally anything but cordial. It seems to be pretty much the same with most places that the motorist has to reach by crossing the water, whether it be a foreign country or our own Isle of Wight.

But a recent trip across an unusual route in France convinced me that a tour in this land would be worth the trouble and expense that it entails, and for the benefit of the jaded tourist anxious for fresh ground to explore, I am attempting this description of a part of France not usually frequented by the Britisher. The first thing to do is to get to France, and as a port of landing I think there is little to choose between Boulogne and Le Havre. The latter means a hundred miles or so less

of the monotonous, ugly, and often poor roads of northern France. The former has its attraction—a shorter sea passage. Just which to choose must depend on the tourist's capabilities as a sailor.

In either case Orleans is the objective, and I do not propose to waste time in describing the route to be followed to this point. To the British tourist who knows France Orleans is not likely to

be anything fresh, and so I will pass it over with a reminder to those who have not visited it before that they make a point of seeing the *bas reliefs* of the plinth of the statue of the famous Maid in the central square of the town. The statue itself cannot be missed, but unless one gets out of the car one is easily apt to overlook the main attraction of the statue, which lies in its base.

Crossing the Loire by a very fine bridge, Orleans is left in a due southerly direction to Vierzon, where it is important not to cross the River Cher but to turn sharp to the left and make for Bourges, the central town of France. Turning south again at Bourges, the road leads through St. Amand to Montluçon, and it is here that the trip that is worth making begins. From Le Havre or Boulogne to Montluçon the roads are those roads that we are inclined to regard as characteristic of France. It is south from Montluçon through the Auvergues and Cevennes Mountains that the British tourist has offered to him scenery that will make him gasp with awe and surprise, and it is scenery that he generally considers to be found only in the Swiss or Italian Alps. A few miles past Montluçon the road crosses the River Sioule, where the Auvergues are beginning to attain a respectable height and a very attractive steepness of contour. The crossing of the river is accomplished over an old-world bridge surrounded by silver birches and backed with the rocky walls of the hillsides several hundred feet in height, making a charming picture that would live long in the memory if it were not so forcibly effaced by its successors.

After the Sioule, the road begins to climb and continues to climb in a winding ascent perched on the hillside through scenery that becomes increasingly grand as well as charming all the way to Clermont-Ferrand. Clermont-Ferrand is known to all the world as the home of Michelin tyres. It has other claims to fame in that it offers a pleasing break from the squalor



Theoule, on the Corniche d'or.

PASSES OF THE AUVERGNES.

and general air of dejection that is characteristic of the inland towns of France that lie out of the beaten track. Also its topography makes it a very charming place, for looking down any of its main streets one sees towering mountains crowned in the western distance by the famous Puy de Dome.

Between Clermont-Ferrand and Le Puy the road passes over the highest point of the Auvergues, and in the evening one may well hesitate before making this trip on account of the risk of having to negotiate steep gradients and nasty bends among the clouds. There is nothing exciting or dangerous in the road itself, but it is distinctly preferable to make the trip for the first time when the visibility is good, quite apart from the fact that when there is no visibility there is no scenery, and the scenery that the Auvergues can offer is too good to be missed lightly.

The road is wild and habitations are few, but there are sufficient villages at satisfactory intervals to give one a sense of comfort that one will be able to find a night's lodging without serious difficulty should the need arise. I do not recommend one of these Auvergne villages for a night's rest—far better finish the Auvergne Plateau and run down the long descent to Le Puy, which is surely one of the most wonderful towns of France.

Le Puy is one of those places that once seen is never forgotten. Unlike most French towns its interest is only incidentally architectural. Its situation and its whole design entrances the eye and captivates the imagination. Like our Buxton, the town is built in a hollow of the hills, but fortunately the resemblance ceases here. Rising from the centre of a small plain occupied by the town are four almost vertical pillars of rock, one of these

—known as Rocher Corneille—being 737 metres high. Presumably this height is that of the top of the rock above sea level, but its vertical sides rise at least 700 ft. from their base. Each rock is crowned with a monument which, as might be expected, is of religious significance. That of the Corneille is a monster statue of the Virgin, which must be at least 100 ft. high. At the top of another and even steeper rock, known as Aiguille, is a church. Whether any of the inhabitants of Le Puy are so moved by their religious enthusiasm as to attend this church I did not ascertain, but it must be a useful penance in itself to reach it. Unfortunately it is impossible to get to the base of any of these rocks by car, and the majority of these streets of Le Puy are almost impossible to negotiate except on foot, or possibly by a pedal cycle if the rider had no respect for the machine. Le Puy is



A street in Montreuil, with a 40-50 h.p. Napier in the foreground.

a wonderful place that every one should see, but I would give warning not to place any temptation in the way of the natives with personal belongings, for the inhabitants of this part of France succumb rather easily to temptation.

Leaving Le Puy in what seems like a westerly direction, the road begins a long ascent up the northern slopes of the Cevennes, and as one makes the climb some charming views backwards are to be obtained over the town and the hills that surround it. Our Napier negotiated this hill as it negotiated most of the others—*i.e.*, at about 35 m.p.h. on top gear, and when the climb was completed we had a glorious stretch of several miles of moorland road over which our speedometer needle hovered all the time round the 60 mark. We must have been at least 3,000 ft. above sea level, but although the ground was covered with a light layer of snow, the broiling sun made us perspire. Some very wonderful cloud effects are to be obtained on this road, for in our early morning climb we ascended through clouds which were shortly below us, and a few miles further on we saw them below us again through Pradelles to Langogne. Pradelles makes a wonderfully brilliant little picture, perched as it is on the side of a steeply sloping hill, round which the road skims. But Langogne is an unpleasant sort of town, where the roads are cut to pieces by the timber-hauling waggons, which are a source of danger to motorists. These waggons get all over the road, and are generally encountered after particularly sharp bends, where there is little protection between the edge of the road and a sheer drop to a river bed below. Good brakes and easy steering, as well as a capable driver, are essential for a happy passage through the Cevennes mountains. The Napier and its helmsman provided us with all these essentials, otherwise I might not be penning this record of a memorable trip.

Like Le Puy, Langogne is situated in a hollow, but it is probably at least 2,000 ft. above sea level. Immediately after leaving it the road begins to climb once more, and here begins what is really the crowning point of the whole trip. I have never toured through the Alps, but some of my companions in the Napier knew them well and assured me that they had never seen anything quite so impressive and awe-inspiring as the views offered by this Cevennes road. Turning, climbing

and twisting along the mountain side, it runs above a river gorge which is probably 1,000 ft. deep. Above it, on the right, the hills tower 2,000 ft., whilst across it on the left they rise to a similar altitude. As a specimen of road engineering it is difficult to conceive anything more wonderful than this Cevennes road. Although the road must climb several thousands of feet, there is barely a gradient that a pedal cyclist in good training could not ride up, and some of the occasional descents that are encountered during the general ascent are equally well engineered.

But I would repeat the warning that I have already given that no car should be taken over this trip in which the owner has not perfect confidence as well as in its driver. The bends in the road are often so acute and so surprising in their suddenness that quickness and sureness at the wheel and in the steering gear are essential for a feeling of security. Brakes also must be of the best, and the car that is at all subject to skidding should be kept as far as possible away from the Cevennes neighbourhood. Engine power is a secondary consideration, although if one has an engine of Napier capabilities so much the better for one's enjoyment of the trip. For practically the whole time we were on top gear, and the car picked up after every wicked bend in a way that was a delight to experience.

There are so many striking and awe-inspiring vistas on this route that it is difficult to particularise any. But there is one view, or one quick succession of views, to which, perhaps, the palm may be given. Villefort is a small township nestling in the heart of the mountains, and the road drops down to it along the side of a gorge several miles in length and at least one or two in width. From the bottom of this gorge rises up other hills in what looks like carefully graded altitudes. Each is crowned with some sort of monument, mostly a simple cross, or at least what looks like a simple cross from the distance, and so these hills tower one above the other all down the gorge, while on either side they are overlooked by the still higher mountains of the main range. The gorge itself is crossed by a magnificent viaduct that is a wonderful example of engineering skill. Shortly afterwards the road passes through a long tunnel and so comes to Villefort, a town that, like Le Puy, once seen is never forgotten, although its attractiveness

is entirely different from Le Puy in that it depends solely on its situation in the heart of the mountains.

It is at Villefort I would suggest that this autumn tour should end. The town is an excellent centre for exploring the hills, both on foot and by car, but if one goes further south the heat at this time of the year is apt to become unpleasant. However, the venture—some spirit may go as far as Alais, the road between which place and Villefort is pretty and beautiful rather than grand. The hills are lower, the rivers are wider, and the villages more picturesque because they are, if possible, more antiquated in style, and their steeply arched bridges give them an air of distinctiveness that is both quaint and picturesque. At Alais the mountains have been definitely left; from here to Avignon the road is flat, and it remains monotonous until the Cote d'Azur is reached. But the Riviera is a winter ground, and as I am now concerned with autumn touring, I say nothing about it.

Little seems to be necessary in the way of road instructions of "useful hints and tips." The hotels that one passes are characteristically French, and their keepers seem thoroughly endowed with the French gift of producing excellent meals from nothing. Only in places like Boulogne are charges excessive, and on the whole our hotel bills were ridiculously low when compared with what we should have had to pay at similar hostels in England. Petrol was always obtainable wherever we wanted it, although, unfortunately, its price did not form a pleasant parallel with the hotel charges. On an average we had to pay 13 francs a bidon, which is a trifle over a gallon. The road surfaces we found on the whole quite good, but it is interesting that they were best across the mountainous districts, where the nature of the country, and primarily the sharp corners in the roads, made speed almost impossible. On one or two occasions, especially round Orleans, the roads were emphatically bad; nearly as bad, in fact, as they are in the notorious Chertsey area of Surrey, but the bad stretches are comparatively short and are soon forgotten when one is making up time on the excellent stretches that follow them. If the tourist goes so far south as Avignon, he must expect to find bad roads again. But the central portion of France certainly can boast of its road surfaces as one of its potent touring attractions.

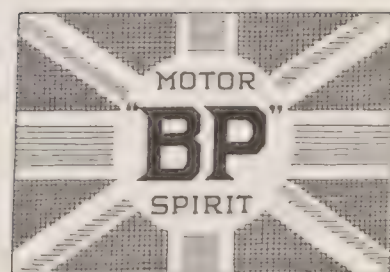
W. H. J.

BP

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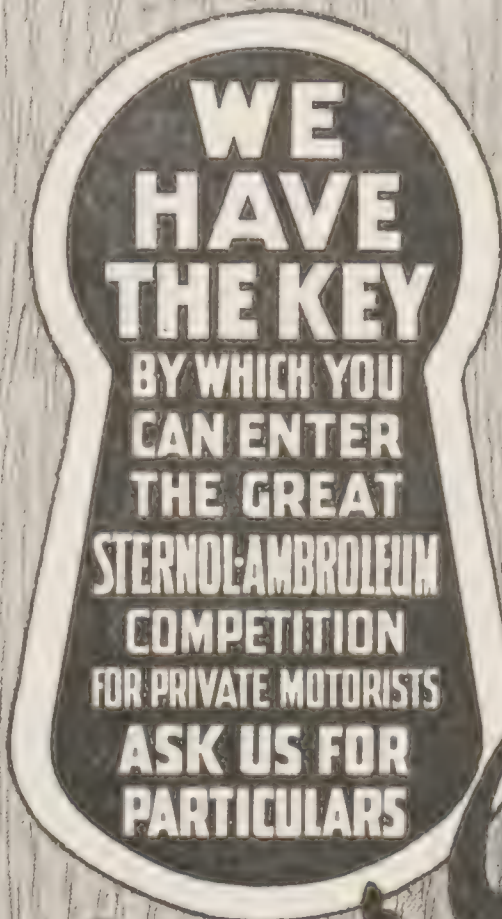
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MY LOG BOOK.

By *Hermes.*

The depression lightening—Banking facilities—A list of those things which we ought to have done, but frequently leave undone—A new Daimler model—And various price reductions.

THERE is a welcome lightening in the atmosphere that surrounds the motor industry, and the depression that so many tried to discount, but more were forced to admit, is yielding to the inevitable reaction. For, on reflecting on the events of the past month, I see much to encourage. Never have so many folk gone a-motoring, not always in their own cars, but nevertheless acquiring a taste that will develop in due course. And this striking expansion of tourist traffic has led to the institution of long-needed banking facilities, not, strangely enough, by our motoring organisations, which should have been the pioneers, but by a banking house—an enterprise that is highly commendable.

It matters not whether you are touring by car, by train, or by some other method, but occasions arise when an unforeseen emergency demands more cash than that at one's immediate disposal. Most of us have known such dilemmas, and we will welcome therefore the "World Letters of Credit," now issued by Lloyds Bank, and available in nearly five thousand towns in all parts of the world. The advantages of the new system are obvious, and cannot but be greatly appreciated by the ever-increasing numbers of tourists of all classes at home and abroad.

The success of Brooklands has given rise to the desire to establish a similar motor track in Paris, but on a larger scale. Our own motor-drome has provided very good sport this year, and promises an excellent meeting on Saturday, the 24th inst. There are to be four short handicaps and the same number of long ones, all for cars, and limited to engine capa-

THE SURREY CAR.

Among the newcomers since the war, the Surrey car is notable in having scored a considerable amount of success in competitions. It is also one of the small bunch of cars employing a friction drive in place of the orthodox gear-box, and although the simplest possible system is used, we found in the course of a recent trial that the drive is eminently satisfactory in use. Upon a continuation of the crankshaft, suitably universally jointed, is carried a steel disc; mounted on a countershaft, the friction wheel can be moved at will across the surface of the disc to obtain a higher or lower ratio as it approaches or recedes from the periphery. The final drive from the countershaft to the rear axle is by a single, adjustable chain. The drive is so arranged that as the ratio is lowered for hill climbing the spring tension holding the two discs in contact is increased; and a small pedal is fitted whereby the driver can obtain the same effect when sudden acceleration is required without changing the ratio. Any possible difficulty in the shape of slipping discs is thus eliminated on this car, which, on account of its wide range of gear ratios, is admirably adapted for extended touring with a good load in hilly country.

cities between 1,100 c.c. as a minimum and, in two cases, exceeding 1,500 c.c. There will be the usual prizes, and racing commences at 2 p.m.

The R.A.C. reports a very satisfactory test of Jackson's Puncture-Seal, and has also obtained an important ruling from the Ministry of Transport respecting the duty on cars that for one reason or another are not used in this country during the whole of the period for which they are licensed. In future, in cases of this sort, if the owner of a car takes out a new licence for a similar vehicle he will be entitled to an allowance of the value of the old licence towards the cost of the new one.

The vigilant eye of the police has led to numerous motorists being prosecuted for technical offences, and the A.A. accordingly issue a list of things that are commonly overlooked. Amongst these are the obstruction of the rear number-plate by spare wheels or, in the case of motor cyclists, by the clothes of a pillion rider, and noisy exhausts and out-of-date licences. Objection has even been raised to a starting handle hanging in front of a number plate. The A.A. also announce much lower rates between Dover-Calais and Folkestone-Boulogne for small cars, the figure being round about £3 or £4.

Labour troubles having been satisfactorily overcome, the Daimler Co. announce the arrival of their new 20 h.p. four-cylinder car, with the firm's well-known sleeve valves and other points that have proved so successful. Two types of coachwork are available—i.e., a *landaulette* seating six, or a touring body that accommodates either four or six persons. The new chassis is listed at £750.

Amongst other price



The 10 h.p. friction-driven Surrey.

PRICES AND PRIZES.

reductions I have heard of lately is that of the 40 h.p. six-cylinder Lancaster chassis, which is now £1,950, as against the recent £2,200. Included with the chassis is a valuable equipment of lamps, instruments and tools.

It may interest motorists to learn that the celebrated Eagle 360 h.p. aero engine, manufactured by the Rolls-Royce Co., is now supplied, with all the latest improvements, at the sum of £1,000. It was due to the prowess of this engine that the direct flight across the Atlantic, as well as those from England to Australia, to South Africa, and to India were accomplished.

Why not have your food kept hot à la Thermos? Well, you can, for Dunhill's are now selling the Aladdin jar in two sizes, at four and five guineas respectively, which will disgorge a tempting meal as warm as when it was flaked hours before. The jar can be easily filled and emptied and cleansed.

The unaccountable rumour that the Dunlop Rubber Co. makes road wheels of wire type only is obviously incorrect. On the contrary, the firm manufacture practically every sort of wheel, and particularly the steel artillery pattern.

Two hundred and ninety-five guineas is the price of the new two-seated G.W.K., the four-seater costing 320 guineas. The Deemster "service" model is listed at £398. A feature of interest in the A.C. light car, which recently lapped Brooklands at an average of 86 m.p.h., is the use of a disappearing hood on the sports model. I must also mention that a complete service depot in connection with the

THE 11.9 H.P. CARROW.

The 11.9 h.p. Carrow car is not yet generally known to the motoring public, for the best of reasons. Although it has been in existence for a couple of years, the manufacturers have preferred to absolutely complete all experimental work before really introducing the car to the market, with the result that now they are ready to produce on a large scale a vehicle in which they have complete confidence. We were more than satisfied with the running of the specimen which we took for a 100-miles trial run recently, and although a trip of that length is no test of durability, we felt convinced that the design and construction were so much on the right lines that private users need feel no fear on that score. The car was pleasant in every respect to handle, ran economically, and was most comfortable from the passengers' point of view. So far as appearance was concerned, the Carrow was one of the most pleasing two-seaters that we have seen, an impression given largely by the fact that there are no excrescences to spoil the clean run of the body lines, terminating in a stream-lined tail. The spare wheel is usually a difficulty in this respect. Carried on the running board it is certainly handy, but far from ornamental. On the Carrow a special compartment between the back of the seat and the tool locker holds the spare, which is normally concealed by the overhang of the hood. The car is fitted with a Dorman four-cylinder engine of 69 mm. by 100 mm. bore and stroke, is capable of 50 miles an hour, and of 35 miles per gallon. The motorist in search of a really serviceable car of moderate price and economical running could go farther and fare worse.

new Angus-Sanderson reconstruction scheme has been established by Mr. J. W. H. Evans at 33, New Bond Street, under the name of Angus-Sanderson Cars, London.

Two gold medals, a challenge cup and a silver medal, also a close second place in three reliability trials, is the praiseworthy achievement of the Albert car, concerning which its makers are about to issue a new and interesting instruction book. Albert owners are invited to send the firm at once tips that are the outcome of their personal experiences.

We have all heard of the delay that happened to a Royal car recently by reason of tyre trouble and faulty jacks. The outcome is interesting, for that car is now equipped with the Rapson jack and the unpuncturable tyres of the same name.

Speed was ever associated with aeroplaning, and the charging of the tanks of cross-Channel flyers is now carried out expeditiously by the golden pump bulk storage system, installed by the Anglo-American Oil Co. at the Waddon aerodrome.

I hear eloquent testimony to the merits of Shell motor lubricating oil, its low price having a healthy influence on the market.

Next year's T.T. race in the Isle of Man has already drawn three entries from the Vauxhall Co., who have, moreover, lately opened a recreation ground for their employees at Luton.

One of the few motor schools that possess the R.A.C. endorsement is the Mann Egerton at Norwich—in which there are still a few vacancies, by the way.



The 11.9 h.p. Carrow. The spare wheel is concealed beneath the overhang of the hood.

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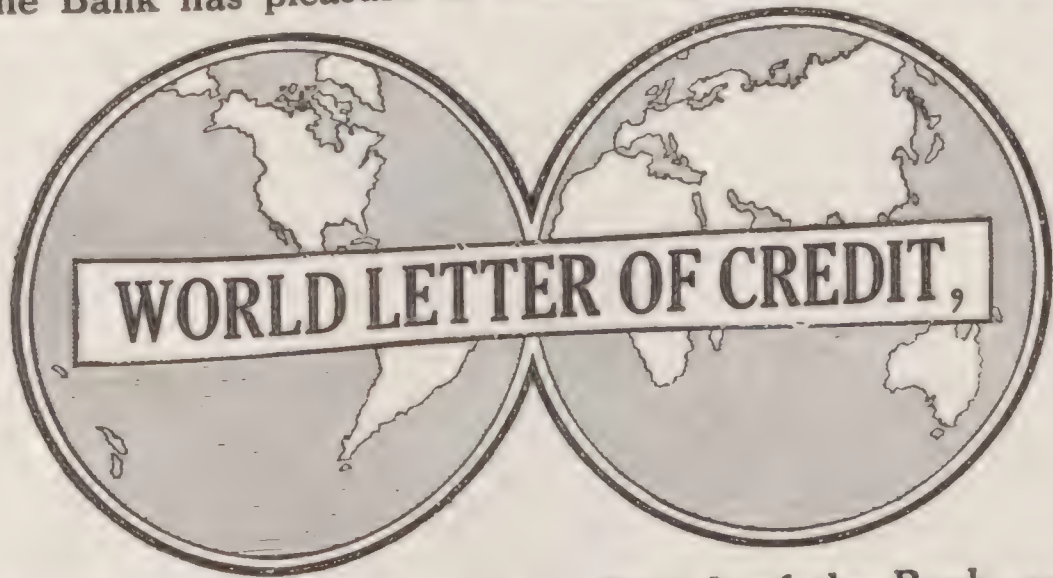
£10,000,000

DEPOSITS, &c.:

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ADVANCES, &c.:

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A SPORTING OFFER



IF OUR NEXT ISSUE IS NOT THE FINEST WE HAVE PUBLISHED OUR READERS MAY COME ROUND AND HANG
THE EDITOR, THE ART EDITOR, THE PUBLISHER, AND THE ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER

All criticism is simply a matter of opinion; it can scarcely be a matter of fact. One has to take, therefore, the opinion of the majority—and we feel sure that this opinion in regard to the October number of THE MOTOR-OWNER will be favourable. While it is unwise to make high claims in advance, it has been our endeavour to make the October number the "best ever." How far we have succeeded remains to be seen—and remains for our readers

to say. They have been increasingly kind to us up to the present, and, honestly, we do not fear the verdict. But it is becoming ever more evident that the only sure way to avoid disappointment for the regular reader who looks forward to each succeeding issue is to order his MOTOR-OWNER in advance, and in order to simplify the process as much as possible, two subscription forms are printed below. They are self-explanatory as to their use.

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EXPERIENTIA DOCET; HACKNEYED BUT TRUE.

THINGS IT TAKES US YEARS TO LEARN.

By Robert W. Beare.

Only Experience will Develop the Driving Instinct.

DRIVING cannot be learnt in an afternoon, or a week, or even in three months. Because driving a motor car means something more than merely steering straight, changing gear quietly, and so on. Anybody can do that—although some don't! Driving a car means that while you are driving you are attending to forty things at once—over the hedge walking down a side road towards your main road: Will it reach the main road before, during, or after your progress past the turning? Is the driver likely to whip up his horse and upset your calculations? That cyclist, just ahead: Does he or she look as though a wobble will develop just as you are overtaking him—or her? The pedestrian who *must* have heard you coming: *Has* he? Will he try to cross over at the last moment? And dogs—one could write a volume on the things they may do, will do, and *do* do, and still not exhaust the subject.

Anyway, the driver has to be awake to all these things; he has to deduce from the bearing and action of the various things and people within his view what are likely to be their movements in that immediate future with which he is concerned, and has to be prepared to take remedial measures if his first estimate of possibilities proves to be wrong. Worse than that, he has to guess from the surroundings, the time of day, the state of the road and what not, what may possibly transpire round a corner when he cannot see; and again, he must be ready to deal with a situation which he had not deduced.

Now, I don't want to "put the wind up" the learner; although if it were possible to put on paper all the things a driver has to do, provide against and guess at, the list would be so fearsome as to choke off a good many people from attempting to learn. But after the merely mechanical part of car control has been learnt the rest is purely a matter of experience. Every day, every week and every month will add to the new driver's knowledge and confidence, and the instinct of driving will be developed. For it is largely a matter of instinct—dormant until awakened by necessity and developed by experience. Some people have not got it; and they ought never to be allowed to take the wheel, although what examination could be applied to test the possession of that instinct or otherwise it is beyond me to say.

As I said before, I don't want to frighten learners, but I do want to emphasise the fact that when there seems least to worry about is the time when care is most required. Lack of confidence is bad, of course, but over-

confidence is worse. When there are odd bits of assorted traffic dotted about the road as far as the view of the learner extends, he will be extra careful and deal with each item as it crops up. And then suddenly the road clears, and in his relief down goes the accelerator. He knows he can control the car all right at, shall we say, 38 miles an hour, so, the road being clear, he lets her rip—one eye on the indicator dial. The almost straight road has a bit of a bend in it, however—just sufficient to prevent him from seeing the young gentleman on a sporting model who is "hogging" round that bend at fifty until he is almost on our learner. There is doubtless heaps of room, but the sudden apparition upsets all the learner's confidence, and in his effort to cope with a situation which, to one more experienced, doesn't need coping with at all, he may upset his car; he will certainly upset his passengers' nerves.

So, above all things, avoid overconfidence, and when conditions appear most safe, distrust 'em!

The beginner usually takes a long time to master the reversing of a car, and especially the manœuvre of turning round in a narrow space, and here again there is little one can say to help him. Experience alone teaches: about all the advice possible in this respect is that when locking backwards and forwards in the endeavour to turn round in a narrow road, the wheels should always be locked over for the next reverse just before the car has finished its forward travel; and, on reverse, should be locked over again in readiness for the next forward "tack." The



A blind corner at the foot of Gore Hill, Amersham.

point is, of course, that not only is it difficult to turn the steering wheel and the front wheels when the car is quite stationary, but it is most injurious to both the whole of the steering gear and the tyres. The steering wheel simply must not be used unless the front wheels are revolving, no matter how slowly. The last yard of space on any lock should be used for getting the wheels into position for the next tack. Only in cases of absolute emergency should the wheels be turned while the car is standing still; and then they must not be forced round by means of the steering

wheel. Get one of the passengers to put his foot against the appropriate edge of one of the front wheels and push hard in the direction in which it is desired to turn it: this eases the strain on the gear, but is not particularly good for the tyres, and should not be done if it is avoidable.

One would think that the approach to a cross road should offer no difficulty when one's car is using the main road, and consequently has the right of way, but one has to remember always that, in spite of the fact that one is legally and morally entitled to precedence, some idiot may not know it, and may be approaching the crossing from the minor road. Therefore, if other traffic conditions permit, the safest place is the middle of the main road. If any one is approaching from the minor road in either direction this gives both cars a few extra yards of "grace" in which to avoid each other; but to the novice one would say: Always be prepared at cross roads; never take the legal right to precedence for granted.

I notice that novices are almost invariably



When turning to the left, hug that side of the road.

nervous when any wide space has to be crossed, even if there is little other traffic, and particularly when several divergent roads enter that space. There is no particular reason for this, unless it be that normally they instinctively take their bearings from the flying hedgerows on either side and maintain an even distance between them: robbed of these guide-lines they are bewildered.

"Cornering" is another bugbear of the novice. He is capable of travelling

must be judged in each individual case, apart—lies in driving in as straight a line as possible. There is an almost straight line from end to end of even an S-bend, although it will deflect more or less according to "visibility"—you *must* be able to see that the road ahead is clear before letting your "straight line" take you over to your wrong side. Then, again, all roads are cambered more or less, and by using the edge of the camber as "banking" a bend may be taken

quite quickly without the slightest danger of skidding. It will well repay the novice to experiment on these points, until his eyes, plus his newly gained experience, tell him in advance the maximum speed at which his particular car is safe on any bend that he may encounter. That 20-mile average on a long run will not then prove so difficult to maintain; it will be possible to keep to it without speeding on every straight stretch—which is most emphatically *not* the way to make a good average speed. Steady does it! Steadiness in every respect is the most valuable quality that the motorist can acquire.



But if possible traverse a four-cross way in the middle of the road.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.

MOTOR POWER ON THE ESTATE.

In a recent number of the "Motor Owner" we detailed a few of the uses of electricity in the country house and on the estate. This month we deal with further purposes—and we doubt very much whether, even now, the subject is exhausted.

A COMPLETE electric range with roasting and baking ovens, large grill, six or eight boiling discs on the hob, and a hot-closet between the ovens, uses about 16 units per hour at full heat. In practice, the average demand would be from 4 to 5 k.w. (*i.e.*, 4 to 5 units per hour). Such a range would do all the cooking needed by a household of forty to fifty persons, and do it without dirt, smell and trouble.

For smaller households single electric cookers are available in several sizes, the smallest complete cooker, comprising oven, grill, small hot-closet, and two boiling discs taking, with everything at full heat, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ units per hour. This cooker is large enough for a family of four to six persons.

There are, of course, dozens of independent electric cooking appliances, such as grills, steaming ovens, boiling pans, pastry and bread ovens, water urns, and so forth, that are available for large establishments, but for the average household a double-oven electric range will serve all requirements.

On the boiling discs ordinary flat-bottomed saucepans, kettles and other appliances are used, and each disc, as well as both ovens, is independently controlled by three-heat switches, so that the temperature can be varied over a wide range. With modern electric cookers, the heating elements give no trouble, but if one should break down prematurely, it can be replaced in a few minutes on the spot.

A WILLING SLAVE.

If there be no separate laundry, the washing machine, electric irons, and so forth, would be provided in the house, irons of different weights being desirable to deal with heavy and light material. In the scullery a useful appliance is the plate-washing machine, in which a torrent of hot water is forced over the surfaces of plates, cups and other utensils, washing them thoroughly in a few moments, heated air drying them in position quickly.

Among the electrical accessories for kitchen use we must not omit mention of the mincing machine, the bacon-slicer and the bread-cutting machine, the potato-peeler, the boot-cleaning machine, the knife-polisher (less needed now that we have stainless steel knives), the polishing buff for plate and ornaments, the electrically-driven egg-whisk, and the cake-mixer.

As to the supply of hot water for drinking, bath purposes, washing, and other domestic purposes, no attempt should be made to obtain this electrically unless the cost is of less importance than the convenience and cleanliness of the electrical method. The most economical system is to use an anthracite-fired boiler in the kitchen or cellar, for heating the whole house as well as to supply hot water for domestic needs. This should give an unlimited supply of water at a temperature of about 180° F., and should maintain throughout the house an air temperature of 50° to 55° F. The boiler has a separate coil for the drinking and domestic hot water, so that the hot water circulated through the building is not drawn upon for other purposes.

THE LUXURIES OF LIFE.

Having water available day and night at a point not far short of boiling—for the anthracite boiler fire would never go out—electricity can be called upon economically to complete the operation. Thus, saucepans and kettles would be filled with hot water from the constant supply and raised to boiling point over the cooker boiling plates. Urns and boiling pans would be filled in the same way, a very desirable convenience being the provision of taps above the cooker hob and over boiling urns, the washing machine, and the plate washer, thus avoiding the necessity for carrying about heavy vessels. In the summer months, when the radiators throughout the house would not be needed, the boiler fire would be run more slowly and used for heating the water for the kitchen, bathroom and lavatory basins only. It will burn

kitchen refuse, thus saving fuel, and needs attention only twice or three times a day.

Since the whole house during the winter would be at a uniform temperature of about 55° F., it would be necessary merely to raise this temperature in rooms actually in occupation to a comfortable degree, which would be from 60° to 65° F. Electric fires provide this supplementary means at a very reasonable cost. They furnish also the cheerful fire-like appearance that one misses so in a house equipped only with central heating.

Electric fires are available in dozens of different forms, and with casings to harmonise with any style of decoration.

OTHER USES OF ELECTRICITY.

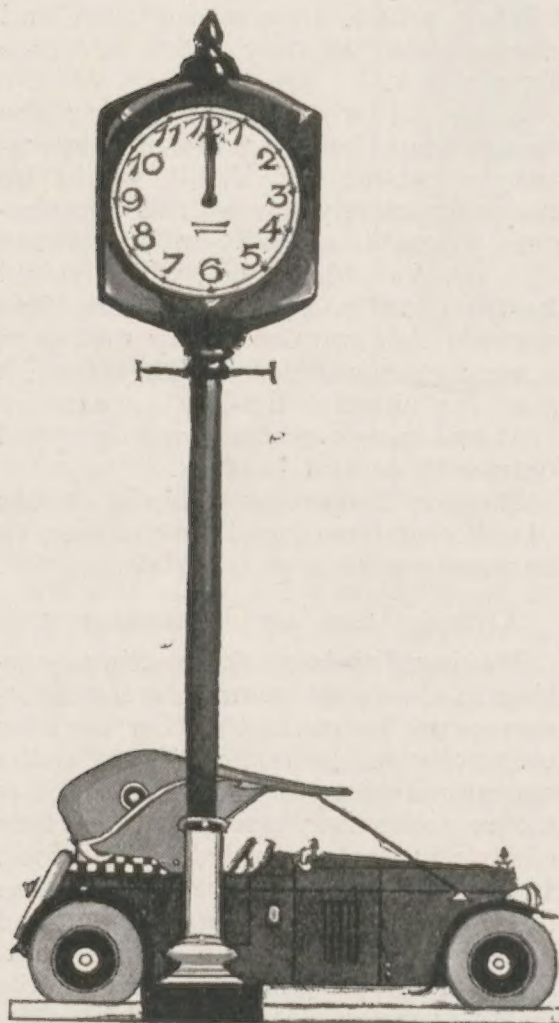
Having dismissed the heating question in this brief manner, some reference must be made to other uses for electricity in the home. There is the sewing machine, for instance, which is a pleasure to use when driven by a tiny electric motor controlled by the foot. It will do its work more rapidly than is possible with hand or foot power, and both hands are free to guide the work. Another invaluable accessory is the electric suction cleaner. With this device, carpets, hangings, upholstery and so forth can be cleaned thoroughly without removal and with a minimum of trouble. The dust and dirt are actually removed, and not merely displaced, as is the case with "dusting," or when a broom is employed, even from the tops of doors, pictures and furniture, from bookshelves and from places inaccessible to the duster and broom; and the work is done thoroughly and quickly.

Reference has been made already to the electric iron, but most ladies like to do some of their own ironing in the boudoir, and a light electric iron should be provided for the purpose. Baby's food can be heated at night in a neat little electric saucepan by the bedside, or by placing an electric immersion heater in a cup or glass.

MAKE YOUR CHOICE, AND RIDE IN COMFORT.

THE ROADS IN SEPTEMBER.

In a monthly journal it is not always possible to be absolutely up to date with road information. The information given below, however, is supplied by the Roads Department of the Automobile Association, and is not only authentic but, being in some cases anticipatory, may be taken generally as indicating local conditions on the first of the month.



THE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Automobile Association and Motor Union:—

The Bath road is rough in places between Colnbrook and Maidenhead, but otherwise good to Hungerford and generally fair onwards. Full width repairs are in hand between Blewbury and Aston Tirrold, on the Pangbourne-Farringdon road.

Repairs in hand near Kingswood Church on the Brighton road and tarmac being laid at Hickstead. Surface poor from County Oak to Crawley, and at Handcross.

Tarmac is being laid at St. Albans and Hockliffe on the Coventry road, which otherwise is in good condition generally.

Full width tarmac being laid on the Eastbourne road south of Godstone Green, and at Felbridge. Extensive repairs still in hand between Hailsham and Polegate; to avoid take Ersham road, Hailsham and Seaside road, Eastbourne.

The Folkestone road is in generally good order, as is also the Charing-Canterbury road. Remetalling in hand at

Sittingbourne and Dunkirk, while the surface through Canterbury and on to Sarre is poor. From Whitstable to Herne Bay the road is bad.

Surface generally good on the Great North road except for a bad stretch of one mile just north of Alconbury. Caution advised at Welwyn, Eaton Socon and Buckden.

Caution advised through Robertsbridge on the Hastings road, which is otherwise fair. Poor stretch between Pembury and Lamberhurst.

Full width repairs at Beaconsfield on the Oxford road and patching at Stokenchurch. Full width repairs at Eynsford and Nuneham on the Henley road. Caution advised at Dashwoods and Aston Rowant Hills.

Remetalling still in hand in Roehampton Lane. Motorists from Hammer-smith should take Putney Bridge and Putney Hill. Road widening at tram terminus, Kingston Hill. Fareham-Bursledon Bridge road very bad after Titchfield. Best route Southampton-Bournemouth is via Wickham, Botley and Swaythling. Caution advised between Emsworth and Havant.

THE MOTOR-OWNER LIGHTING-UP TABLE.

Lighting-up time, before the war one hour after sunset and now thirty minutes earlier, is 8.17 p.m. in London on September 1st and 7.08 p.m. on October 1st. Variations in other parts of the country on those dates are given below.

BRISTOL 8.27 7.18	EXETER 8.29 7.23	MANCHESTER .. 8.30 7.16
BIRMINGHAM .. 8.26 7.14	FALMOUTH 8.35 7.29	NEWCASTLE .. 8.29 7.12
CARLISLE 8.35 7.18	GLASGOW 8.42 7.22	NORWICH 8.14 7.02
CARNARVON .. 8.37 7.24	INVERNESS 8.45 7.21	OXFORD 8.24 7.13
DERBY 8.26 7.13	JOHN O' GROATS .. 8.43 7.15	PLYMOUTH 8.32 7.15
EDINBURGH .. 8.38 7.18	LEEDS 8.27 7.13	PORTSMOUTH .. 8.20 7.12

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